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HIS GRACE the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND.

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MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Seventeenth Number.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

IT would be an idle task to recount to our readers the long-worn honours of the Northumberland family. While *Chevy Chace* is read both by the peer and the peasant; while the feats of Hotspur draw down the plaudits both of the boxes and the galleries; or while the feats of our border champions are recorded both in tradition and in history, the ancient renown of the name of Percy can never be forgot. Nor will the public attention cease to be attracted towards the succeeding branches of this illustrious house: not indeed by the causes which render the characters of those so interesting, who have forced their way through a thousand obstacles, from obscurity to power and honours: who have successfully combated unequal institutions and prejudices not less unjust, by the force of talents, enterprize, and perseverance; but by circumstances which strike many classes of mankind not less forcibly, a high hereditary title, a vast hereditary estate, a splendid establishment, and a proportionate influence over a large district of the kingdom. Such are the considerations which must naturally render every Duke of Northumberland an object of peculiar interest to the public: but if any superior quality, any merit which might be overlooked in inferior men, happens to grace personages so illustrious from the womb, it will not fail to call forth universal applauses and admiration. We trust that the present subject of these memoirs will not be found less meritorious and interesting than most others of his rank.

The Duke of Northumberland was born on the 25th day of August, 1742. His early education was attended, like that of young noblemen of his quality, with every advantage that can be procured; learned instructors, and the united benefits of private and public tuition. His manners were early polished by an intercourse with the most fashionable society: and his mind elevated by the marked attention universally paid to the heir of one of the most ancient families, one of the highest titles, and one of the largest fortunes in England. By a matrimonial connection with the Lady Anne Stuart, the third daughter of the Earl of Bute, the great dispenser of the monarch's favours, he was, so early as his 22d year, placed in a situation soon to gather the few additional favours which the crown had to bestow. But the promising effects of this union were blasted by circumstances, which, unfortunately, indicate that rank and virtue are things of a very different nature: Northumberland found himself obliged to have recourse to Parliament for a divorce from his fair consort.

It is much to the credit of this nobleman, that having no urgent call for activity, and being, without any effort, possessed of wealth and distinction, he did not abandon himself to frivolous pursuits, or sensual indulgences. Though possessed, without exertion, of nearly all the fruits of exertion which can be obtained in this country, he did not think the reputation of active enterprise altogether an acquisition to be despised, or his king and country to be entirely neglected, though they had few rewards left worth his acceptance. He early embraced a military career, not with the intention of slumbering away his leisure at the quarters of a militia regiment; but with the view of engaging in actual and effective service wherever the exigencies of the state might call him. He had scarcely attained his eighteenth year, when he had an opportunity, in the camp of Ferdinand, towards the conclusion of the Seven Years war, to behold the conflicts of real warfare, and the successive triumphs of the British arms; scenes of which, in his mature years, he has witnessed the sad reverse.

During the peace which succeeded, a long peace to a country so fond of war as Great Britain, Earl Percy, for such was still his title, proceeded, in the season of tranquillity, to advance in the course of military promotion, with that rapidity to which, according to our customs, his original possessions entitled him. The commencement of the American war at length called him out again to active service. The British government, presumptuous from the greatness of its power, conceived the unjustifiable scheme of subjecting our American colonies to the same amount of taxes as the mother country, while these colonies, in conformity to the regulations of the Navigation Act, were entirely precluded from that free commerce with other countries, which affords the richest field for taxation. The Americans, inspired by the sentiments derived from the mother country, thought themselves entitled to an alternative; either to have their ports opened to a free intercourse with other nations, or to be exempted from all taxation beyond what they themselves, or the British Parliament composed in part of their representatives, should judge sufficient for the maintenance of their domestic government. If Great Britain was to enjoy exclusively the benefit of their commerce, they argued that Great Britain ought to bear the charge of defending so precious a property against the attacks of other nations. But the British Court, entirely regardless of requisitions so evidently reasonable, undertook to reduce the American colonists to the most abject submission; without calculating the distance of America, the difficulty of transporting thither sufficient armaments and supplies, the origin of the Americans from men who had quitted their native shores in quest of freedom and independence, or the immense extent of their possessions, of which the back settlements alone could have afforded them a secure and wealthy retreat, even if our superior power had driven them from the sea-coast.

He had the fortune, a sorry fortune indeed, to be present at the first engagement in which blood was spilt in this ruinous civil war. During the year 1775, the Americans and the British had been respectively employed in collecting ammunition and troops, and preparing themselves for a contest which was now inevitable. Their mutual animosities, however, had hitherto been confined to remonstrances, and to the seizure of detached magazines. But General Gage, who commanded the British forces in the province of Massaschussets, having received intelligence of a considerable magazine deposited at the town of Concord, about twenty miles distant from Boston, where the provincial Congress was held, detached, on the night preceding the 19th of April, 800 grenadiers and light infantry, under the command of Colonel Smith, who proceeded on their march in great silence: but, by the firing of guns, and the ringing of bells, they at length perceived themselves discovered; and on their arrival at Lexington, at five in the morning, they found the company of militia belonging to that place drawn up on the green; on which Major Pitcairn, who led the advance guard, cried out, "Disperse, rebels! throw down your arms, and "disperse!" This not being immediately complied with, he ordered the soldiers to fire; eight or ten of the provincials were killed, and the rest speedily retreated. The king's troops immediately marched on to Concord, destroyed such stores as they found, and spiked three or four pieces of iron cannon. On their return, the passage of a bridge being disputed by a party of provincials, a skirmish ensued, in which several men were killed on both sides; and the whole country being by this time alarmed, rose in all quarters, pressing close on their rear; and a scattering and irregular fire was also directed against them from behind trees, houses, and hedges, which supplied the place of lines and re-

doubts. It fortunately happened that General Gage, apprehensive of the danger of the service, had early in the morning ordered Lord Percy, with a second detachment, equal in number to the first, and two field-pieces, to march to Lexington, where they were joined in a short time by Colonel Smith, who would otherwise have found great difficulty in forcing his way back to Boston, his ammunition being entirely expended. As soon as the troops resumed their march, they were again assailed and harassed in the same manner as before; and with great fatigue and great damage, they at length arrived about sun-set at Charleston, where they crossed the harbours in boats to Boston, under the protection of the Somerset man of war. In the different actions of the day, the loss of the king's troops were estimated at near 300 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while that of the provincials did not exceed 90. Such was the inauspicious commencement of this disastrous war, and so ill did events correspond with the boastful language of those hot-headed and inexperienced braggarts, who at the head of a few regiments had threatened to carry terror throughout North America.

But however mortifying the affairs at Lexington proved to our national presumption, the share which Lord Percy had in it proved highly honourable to his reputation. He had displayed great personal courage and presence of mind in very difficult circumstances; and General Gage, in his official report published in the Gazette, highly praised the activity of the young Peer during the whole of the day. On the 16th of November 1776, Lord Percy had another opportunity of distinguishing himself. General Howe, the Commander in Chief, found an opportunity suddenly to invest Fort Washington, a strong post in the neighbourhood of New York. The Commander of this fortress refusing to surrender it on the summons of the British, it was by an immediate and vigorous assault carried sword in hand, and more than 2000 men were made prisoners of war. On this occasion Earl Percy led on with much gallantry the column which first entered the enemies lines.

At the commencement of the campaign in 1777, Lord Percy was stationed in Rhode Island, where he commanded in the absence of General Clinton; when he unexpectedly received orders from Sir William Howe, to send a large detachment to Amboy, to reinforce Lord Cornwallis. To these orders, which appeared of a piece with the disgraceful ignorance and mismanagement displayed by Howe throughout the war, were not at first obeyed by Lord Percy. He returned for answer, that the enemy were collecting a large force near Providence, with which, he supposed, General Howe was unacquainted: adding, "that he "thought it his duty to represent the danger "which might result from sending away so "large a corps." General Howe, in a tone of overbearing insolence replied, "that Lord "Percy knew the consequence of disobedience "of orders—trial by court-martial and certain "sentence of being broken; and insisted upon "his orders being punctually obeyed." The junior officer, contrary to his own opinion, was of course obliged to submit to this peremptory mandate.

Whether disgusted by the conduct of Howe, or by the unexpected issue of the war, Earl Percy soon afterwards returned to England. He does not appear to have had any cordial intercourse with the ministry of that time, yet we are told that, on some favourable opportunity occurring of breaking the alliance between France and America, his lordship was nominated as the head of a commission to offer terms of conciliation to the Congress. When the proposition was made known to his lordship, he said he would most willingly and cheerfully obey the commands of his Sovereign in every situation: nor would he, on this occasion, he said, stipulate for any emolument whatever: but he hoped and expected that he should be honoured with the *Garter*, because that favour would reflect dignity and respectability upon the situation. Lord North, at that time the ostensible minister, replied, "that his lord-"ship's request could not, at that time, be com-"plied with, but that his lordship should have "when he returned." Lord Percy shortly answered, "that he was too well acquainted "with courts to trust to promises; and if he "could not have it before he went, he must "decline going."

This conduct of Lord Percy, in demanding his reward before he had earned it, cannot be excused upon any principle which we can discern; especially as his country was a sufferer by it, and the commission entirely laid aside on this pretext. His apologists inform us that there were three blue ribbonds at that time vacant, and that it shewed great perverseness in the court not to grant Lord Percy's request: that the secret cabinet was in reality hostile to the intended embassy; and that therefore they had nominated his lordship in the expectation that he would make some demand which they

might reject, and thus find a specious opportunity to put an end to the whole transaction. But these statements, even if correct, are far from constituting any apology for his conduct. They represent him as more anxious for the gratification of a paltry vanity, than desirous to promote the interest of his country: as abandoning an opportunity of restoring to her the blessings of peace, because he was not gratified in the unreasonable humour of receiving the reward before the service was performed.

Another apology still less worthy of his lordship has been offered. During the administration of the Right Honourable George Grenville, father of the present Marquis of Buckingham, Sir Andrew Agnew, the governor of Tynmouth-fort, was supposed to be in a bad state of health. When any of the Percy family happened to be in the military line at the time of a vacancy, they had usually received that appointment, both on account of their great influence in these parts and on account of some services which they had done in regard to the barracks. Upon this expected opening, the late Duke of Northumberland applied to Mr. Grenville in behalf of his son, and obtained a a promise of the government Sir Andrew however, recovered. The Duke renewed his solicitation; and obtained, it is said, the promise, not of a minister, but of a *greater person*, "that his son should be appointed to the go-"vernment on the first vacancy, whenever it "should happen." In the month of August 1771, Sir Andrew died. Earl Percy, on this event, lost no time in writing to Lord North, who was then become prime minister, expressing his full assurance that the Great Person had not forgotten him; and at the same time intimating, that he esteemed it his duty to declare his readiness to accept of the compliment his father had formerly solicited for him. Lord North, in a very laconic epistle, replied, that it was totally unnecessary to remind the great person of his promise, as the government of Tynmouth-fort was already disposed of to the Honourable Major General Alexander Mackay. The young nobleman, without hesitation, sent Lord North an answer to the following effect: "That he "had received his lordship's letter with an "equal degree of contempt and indignation; "for, whatever his opinion of the present mi-"nisters might be, he had always looked upon "the great person's own word to be sacred "until that moment."

But however mortifying and invidious the conduct of the court might be on this occasion, we can by no means perceive in it any excuse for Lord Percy's refusal, at the distance of some years, to do his country an essential service without receiving a previous reward. At the time that he requested the government of Tynemouth-fort, he had done nothing whatever to deserve that government; and it was conferred on a man whose services unquestionably gave him a far preferable claim. Even when his lordship demanded the Garter, surely he had not placed his country in his debt: Surely the service of a few campaigns, for which he had received the customary pay, and far more than a customary share of promotion, had but poorly discharged that load of gratitude which he owed for the vast hereditary power, honours, and wealth, which her institutions secured to him. It is impossible, without emotions of contempt and indignation, to hear men representing themselves as injured when any national reward which they choose to request is denied them; or holding forth a campaign or an embassy as a vast obligation laid upon their country: when, in fact, their partial country has secured to them from their birth a greater portion of her highest rewards, than the most meritorious of her other subjects can almost hope to earn by a long life of toil and pain devoted to her service. Both from a sense of justice, and from a regard to their own dignity, all the services of the nobility ought to be gratuitous, that is to say, without any *subsequent* reward: and as to the further favours which their country has to bestow, they ought to be very bashful not only in soliciting, but even in accepting them, while any other servant of the public remains less rewarded than they were from their birth. The institutions of the country suppose that the hereditary nobility have received their reward before they have earned it: and to do nothing through life to merit this reward, is actually swindling a nation out of her just expectations.

Since that period, Lord Percy, who soon afterwards, by the decease of his father became possessed of the Dukedom of Northumberland, has retired from public affairs; and though he has obtained the glittering bauble which had such charms in his eyes, and has also risen to the rank of General in the army, we have not heard of any service to the state which he has since performed. Both the supposed affronts which he had received from the court, and the original politics of his family, led him to associate himself with the party of the great aristocracy: and in company with the Russels, the Cavendishes, and the Howards, he has for many years bestowed all his parliamentary influence

in support of Fox and his friends. But the consequences of the death of that great statesman unfortunately produced a breach between the Duke of Northumberland and his party. His Grace imagined that he was entitled, by his rank, his influence, his long residence and great property in Westminster, to expect for his son Lord Percy the vacant representation of that city: while Mr. Sheridan, the steady friend and most eloquent follower of Mr. Fox, formed similar expectations: and both laid claim with equal confidence to the support of their friends who now composed the administration. The ministers, unwilling either to offend a man of such abilities as Mr. Sheridan, or a man of such influence as the Duke of Northumberland, endeavoured to prevent a contest by a compromise, of which the terms appear to have been that government should then assist Lord Percy, and support Mr. Sheridan in the next vacancy. His lordship consequently was elected without opposition: but the compromise seems to have appeared very degrading to Northumberland, for on the next election it was confidently asserted by Mr. Sheridan that he had proofs of his Grace having prevented the voters under his influence from coming forward in Mr. Sheridan's support. The Foxites felt his Grace's displeasure still more distinctly, when Lord Howick, then their leader in the House of Commons, was compelled to renounce all claims to the representation of the county of Northumberland, by the withdrawing that support which had hitherto enabled him to set all opposition at defiance.

From Northumberland's public transactions, we turn with pleasure to his private life, in which there is much to commend, and little comparatively to censure. In May 1779, his Grace married Miss Frances Burrel, third daughter of Peter Burrel, Esq of Beckenham, in Kent. The circumstances which led to this union are so very different from those which usually bring people of rank to the hymeneal altar, that they cannot but interest our readers. In the year 1773, Mr. Burrell, the father of this lady, had fallen into so dangerous a state of health, that his physicians urged him to repair to Spa in Germany, as the principal chance for his recovery. His daughters, unwilling to trust their declining parent to the care of hired servants, who could not be supposed to be actuated by any motives of tenderness or affection, resolved to accompany him themselves, and sooth his infirmities by their filial attentions. At Spa they devoted themselves, in absolute seclusion, to their father's comfort: they never stirred abroad unless to attend him to the waters; and none of the fashionable and splendid companies, who were assembled at that place from all parts of Europe, were able to make them once desert his company. This very uncommon and exemplary conduct soon became the talk and the admiration of the visitors at Spa: and while the votaries of fashionable dissipation passed unnoticed, the filial tenderness of the Misses Burrell procured them admirers of a rank to which their modesty had not aspired. One of them became Countess of Beverly; another Duchess of Hamilton, and afterwards Marchioness of Exeter: the third is the present Duchess of Northumberland.

While Northumberland, by this wise and disinterested choice, secured for himself much domestic felicity, he began to apply himself to those pursuits which are deemed peculiarly suitable to a great hereditary nobleman. Some of his most ancient palaces had fallen into ruins, and seemed to reproach their modern possessors as unworthy representatives of feudal grandeur. The late Duke, touched with this consideration, and the recollection of ancient greatness, had begun to repair the wastes of time in a princely style; and these noble labours were continued by his present Grace. Alnwick-castle, the ancient fortress from which the family of Percy in feudal times delivered their mandates to the neighbouring counties, has now been rebuilt in a style of grandeur, to which its rude ancient inhabitants never aspired. All the decorations are purely gothic, but finished by the directions of the most skilful architects of the eighteenth century. Sion House has been repaired upon the chastest models of Greece and Rome; and Northumberland House is said to have received every addition which a noble and elegant taste could suggest, though the vulgar passengers of the Strand are gratified with the view of none of its beauties but a high dead wall, and a massy unperforated gate.

As a variety of artists were necessarily employed to adorn these sumptuous palaces, and as his Grace was both exact and liberal in his payments, he has been celebrated as a distinguished patron of the fine arts: but as literature was not necessary to gild the ceilings or decorate the walls, fine writing has not had the honour of his noble patronage.

With a very laudable attention to the opulence of his family, his Grace has bestowed peculiar pains on the improvement of his estates. Vast tracts of land in the county of Northumberland had been allowed by his negligent predecessors to run to waste, and to degenerate

into an unprofitable desert. On these wastes his Grace has caused to be planted annually about twelve hundred thousand trees, and has thus laid the foundation of vast future revenues to his family. His encouragement of agriculture has been equally conspicuous, and has very deservedly procured him much applause; for though it directly tends to the improvement of his own private revenues, yet it is of much public utility both by the example, and by increasing the means of subsistence to the nation. His Grace is a member of the society for the encouragement of the arts, and has often been mentioned among their distinguished patrons.

There is not any nobleman of the age, who, in his deportment, has more uniformly maintained the dignity of the peerage than the Duke of Northumberland. An unfortunate state of health has indeed compelled him to live in a very retired manner; and has more than once obliged him to visit the milder climate of Lisbon: But other causes, and those very honourable to his feelings, have been assigned for the seclusion in which he and his family live. It is said that he cannot look upon a prostitute, however exalted the rank of her paramour, as a proper person to introduce to the society of his wife and daughters: and that to avoid this disgrace, without giving offence to a person of distinguished rank with whom he is strictly connected by political friendship, he has abandoned all connection with fashionable dissipation, and taken refuge with his family in the unpolluted pleasures of domestic retirement.

We cannot conclude this article without holding up one conspicuous, and we are sorry to add, rather singular trait in his Grace's character. He never makes use of his privilege as a peer to swindle tradesmen out of their property, and meanly rob industrious families of their subsistence. He regularly pays his bills, and acts with all the honour of a private gentleman. His creditors are never put off with notes of hand; and then laughed at when they present these useless pieces of paper for payment. Alas! that we should have to record this conduct as singular!

HISTORY.

OF THE PORTUGUESE NATION.

(*Concluded from page* 229, *Vol. II.*)

THE revolution thus happily completed, the Duke of Braganza, was proclaimed King of Portugal, and the affairs of the kingdom were soon settled upon their original establishment. Cotemporary historians express their surprize, that a plan, which was twelve months in contemplation, and had necessarily been made known to upwards of three hundred persons, should yet not have been known to the Spanish ministry, until it was too late to take measures against it. To account for this is now not in our power; it is sufficient that we have the historical fact, and we shall, therefore, abstain from all speculation, and just observe, that although it was the general wish of the people, that John the Fourth should ascend the throne, yet a conspiracy was speedily formed against him by some of the disaffected, but without success. In this reign the war with the Dutch was revived, in which Portugal lost much in India, but recovered her ancient settlement of Brazil.

John died after a reign of sixteen years, leaving two sons, Alphonso, and Pedro, and a daughter Katharine.

In 1656, Alphonso, yet a minor, succeeded his father, and his mother governed as regent. The Spaniards now at peace with France, invaded Portugal, but the Infanta Katharine being married to Charles the Second of England, a considerable force was sent to the assistance of Alphonso. The Spaniards being defeated with great loss, at Villa Viciosa, a peace was made which secured the Braganza family on the throne.

Alphonso seemed now marked out by misfortune; his mother, displeased with his general conduct, retired into a convent, and his wife, a Princess of Savoy, retired thither also, procuring a divorce under pretence of impo-

tency. His brother, Don Pedro, also, having called a meeting of the States, Alphonso, as unfit to govern, was banished to Tercera, and afterwards brought back to Cintra, where he died in 1683, when he was succeeded by Don Pedro, who had held the regency, and even been married to the divorced wife of his brother.

In 1703, the Portuguese joined the grand alliance against France; and a British army having landed in Spain, under the Earls of Peterborough and Galway, the troops of Portugal came into the field in aid of the Archduke Charles, who claimed the crown of Spain as Charles the Third. The historians of the time throw great blame on the Portuguese, in 1705, asserting that their want of common exertion, was a great loss to the allies, and even obliged them to raise the siege of Badajoz.

In 1705, King Philip having drawn the greatest part of his army from the frontiers of Portugal, their army again marched into Spain; and, although they took Alcantara, yet their general conduct was so timid and irresolute, as to give great cause of complaint to the allies. The Portuguese troops, at one time, were in possession of Madrid, but the want of union in the confederate Generals, and the want of energy in Charles of Austria himself, prevented them from deriving any advantages from it; the English Generals, indeed, endeavoured, but in vain, to stimulate them to a more decided conduct.

In the mean time Pedro died, Anno 1706, leaving four sons, and two daughters, and was succeeded by the eldest, John, Francis, Joseph, Antonio, &c. &c. &c. On the demise of the king, the French had great hopes of separating Portugal from the alliance; but the fear of the British troops, and, it is said, the influence of the British treasures, prevailed upon her to continue firm to her engagements.

In 1707, happened the famous battle of Almanza; in which, although the English and Dutch troops were victorious on the left wing, yet the Portuguese horse, on the right wing, keeping shamefully back, and then giving way on the first movements of the enemy, the Confederates were obliged to give way, and the English, overpowered by superior numbers, suffered severely.

In 1708, John of Portugal married the Arch Duchess of Austria, sister of Charles, then contending for the Spanish crown, and the Portuguese and Austrians seemed so much engaged with the ceremonials of this wedding, as to have no time left to attend to the general cause of the allies.

The allies being successful in the battle of Saragossa, the Portuguese officer commanding (Count D'Attalaya), and the Ambassador from Lisbon to Charles (Count D'Assumar), both represented to their court, how beneficial it would be to this cause if the whole Portuguese army should advance from Portugal on the side of Castile. On this representation, some movements were made under the Count de Villaverde, who seized upon two or three defenceless places in Spain, and then returned to Portugal; indeed, the whole of the military exertions of this power were useless to the allies during the different campaigns in Spain.

In 1713, the treaty of Utrecht was concluded, in which it was stipulated, that the French should relinquish all claims to the territory on both sides of the river of Amazons, in South America, quit all claim to the navigation of the said river, and should not, from this time, send any missionaries into Brazil, or any other of the Portuguese settlements. To this arrangement the Queen of Great Britain was a guarantee; and by a subsequent treaty, the Spaniards and Portuguese mutually agreed to evacuate all places taken during the war.

Portugal found herself in a state of security, and King John began to encourage the academies already founded, and to establish others, for the improvement of arts and sciences. Notwithstanding this royal encouragement, learning and the arts are still at a low ebb in Portugal; the habits of the people, and the restrictions of the inquisition, being alike inimical to freedom of thought, and the expansion of genius.

In 1723, there was a dreadful earthquake in Algarva, which did immense damage; and this was followed in the succeeding year by a storm, which wrecked the greatest part of the shipping on the coast, destroying the wharfs at Lisbon, blowing down the church steeples, and many houses in the country, and tearing up whole forests by the roots.

In 1728, in consequence of the Pope refusing to give a Cardinal's cap to a favourite of the Portuguese monarch, a warm dispute arose between the two courts, and went to such lengths, that it was even supposed that King John would throw off the Pope's supremacy. In this contest, the Portuguese clergy were forbidden to receive their confirmation from the Holy See, the Patriarch of Lisbon himself gave final judgment in all ecclesiastical cases without appeal to Rome, and even the

prisoners in the inquisition were set free. His *infallible* Holiness immediately took such steps of conciliation, as prevented him from losing so good a customer, at the Papal shop, for bulls, indulgences, pardons, &c. &c. The remainder of John's life was spent in quiet and peace; having married the Prince of Brazil to an Infanta of Spain, all causes of jealousy seemed to be done away between the two courts, and in 1750 he died, and was succeeded by his eldest son Joseph.

Joseph had scarcely been seated on the throne, when the dreadful earthquake of 1755, overwhelmed Lisbon, his capital, and threatened the ruin of the kingdom. After the earthquake, it is said, that the priests represented to the king, that it was a mark of Almighty anger, for shewing such favour to the Heretic English, who had been suffered to establish a factory there. "True," said Joseph, "it must be so, "as God has destroyed *our* habitations, and "left *theirs* standing;" which was really the case.

From the assistance which England had always rendered the House of Braganza, a principle of gratitude had bound the Portuguese to this country, rightly judging that they owed their independence to us. A mutual friendship was thus founded on mutual interest, which is generally the most lasting; and England, both from policy and from taste, gave a preference to the wines of Portugal. In return for this she received many commercial favours, and even exclusive indulgences in the Portuguese ports, being indeed considered not only as the guarantee, but as the fostering guardian of their commerce and posterity.

France felt extremely envious of these advantages, and well knowing that England would never consent to relinquish them, whatever the Portuguese might be persuaded to do, she endeavoured to prevail on Spain to engage in an invasion of Portugal, as the most effectual means of distressing England, and of extending the power and territory of the House Bourbon. These negociations paved the way to the famous family compact.

The conquest of Portugal now seemed easy, as the Portuguese had entirely lost that military spirit, which distinguished their ancestors; and notwithstanding the improved state of their resources, they had permitted their army to moulder away.

These circumstances were alike favourable to the French views; and in addition to the misfortunes of Portugal, she had scarcely recovered from the effects of the earthquake, when a convulsion of a more dangerous kind threatened her existence. A conspiracy, extended in its design and formation, and supported by some of the most powerful families in Portugal, had nearly caused a complete revolution, which must, in the end, have been favourable to the French interest.

As Joseph was less superstitious than his predecessors, and, perhaps, more sagaciously watchful of the encroachments of the clergy, he had banished the Jesuits from his court, because their brethren in Paraguay, where they exercised a kind of sovereign power, had refused to consent to the cession of some lands on the banks of the river La Plata, which he wished to exchange with Spain. He had also endeavoured to restrain the power of the nobility within certain limits, particularly in regard to the Duke of Aveiro, a nobleman supposed to have the most ambitious views, even to aiming at the crown. D'Aveiro had hoped to extend his influence, by a matrimonial alliance, into one of the richest families, and being disappointed in this, he was supposed to have formed a political connection with Malagrida, and some others of the principal Jesuits, who had been Confessors to different branches of the royal family.

Encouraged by their advice, he formed the plan of destroying the king; and for this purpose he prevailed upon the Tavira family (the most ancient and powerful in the kingdom, and who were also disgusted with the reigning family), to join in his conspiracy. This conspiracy was arranged with such prudence and circumspection, as to appear incapable of failure, and it was so near taking effect, that a blunderbuss which was fired at the king, on the night of the third of September, 1758, (as he was returning in his carriage from the country to Belem) lodged the contents in his back, though without wounding him mortally. He ordered his coachman to turn round, and return to his country house, which eventually saved his life, as there were many other assassins laying in his way to Lisbon, in case the first should fail. This is the account published by the Court; though there were some at the time, who did not scruple to say, that the whole business was a pretence to get rid of the Jesuits, and the nobility he feared. Be that as it may, the principal conspirators were seized and executed, and all the Jesuits were obliged to leave the kingdom. These executions and other harsh measures, did not, however, satisfy the nobles, nor appease the discontents of the clergy; and the Pope having

resented the expulsion of the Jesuits, the tenure by which Joseph held the allegiance of his people, was but slight indeed, when we consider the superstitious devotion with which they are bound, as it were, to the Holy See.

Thus was Portugal situated, when a Spanish army was marched to its frontiers, and the ministers of Spain and France, presented a joint memorial, to induce, if possible, the Portuguese monarch, to join their allegiance, and to co-operate with them for the humiliation and destruction of the British power.

His situation was now really critical, and worthy of compassion; and his firmness on this trying occasion is as worthy of admiration. His reply to the insulting demand, was mild and temporate—he said, "that the alliance "between the courts was ancient, and, there-"fore, could not be particularly offensive at "this crisis; that inasmuch as it was entirely "defensive, it must be innocent; and that, "from the situation in which Portugal was, it "would be as impolitic, as unjust, to engage "in any war; and, finally, that his love for "his subjects was such, that he wished to pre-"serve for them the blessings of peace." The two courts were unwilling to allow this defence, and asserted, that the alliance between England and Portugal could not be innocent, because "the defensive alliance is converted into "an offensive one, from the situation of the "Portuguese dominions, and the nature of "the English power."

They went on to say, that it was impossible the British fleet could keep the sea, to the annoyance and destruction of the French and Spanish commerce, without the friendly offices and harbours of Portugal. "Nor could those "haughty islanders insult all the maritime "powers of Europe, if the riches of Portugal "did not pass into their hands." They even told the Portuguese monarch, that he was the slave of England, and with the most barefaced impudence asserted, that he ought to be thankful for the *necessity* which they had laid upon him to make use of his reason, in order to take the road of his glory, and embrace the common interest.

It appeared evident, that by this *necessity*, they allowed to their army, which was then on the point of entering Portugal. The King made a manly reply, enumerating the different treaties with England, all sanctioned before God; and asserting, both from the laws of God, and the laws of nature, that they were strictly innocent, and not to be broken; and concluded with declaring, that he would see his country ruined, and spill the last drop of his blood, before he would yield up the honour or independence of the nation.

On receiving this declaration, the two ministers took leave of the Court of Lisbon, and the troops were ordered to advance into Portugal. It was impossible that we could, with indifference, see our ancient ally, thus on the brink of destruction; arms and ammunition were, therefore, sent over, with near ten thousand troops. The arrival of those reinforcements, and the enterprize of our officers, proved of the greatest service to Portugal, at the head of whose army was the Count de la Lippe, an officer who had served with the greatest gallantry under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick The Spaniards, in full confidence of carrying every thing before them, had passed the mountains, which separate the two countries, in three different places; but they now found themselves obliged to retreat, and soon evacuate the whole country.

The greatest praise was given, during the whole of this transaction, to the gallantry of the British troops, who were under the command of Brigadier General Burgoyne.

Thus was Portugal again saved, and a peace was soon after concluded in 1763. It is to be regretted, that the Portuguese, though under such obligations to us, have sometimes been led away by false theories, to give obstructions to our commerce, and even to make regulations of a trifling and captious nature, without being of any service to themselves.

John having an only daughter, the Portuguese were afraid of falling again under a foreign yoke; a dispensation was therefore obtained from the Pope, in 1760, and Maria Frances Isabella, born in 1734, was married to her uncle, Don Pedro, then 43 years of age.

On the 24th of February, 1777, John, King of Portugal, died, and was succeeded by his daughter Maria, the present Queen, whose issue are Joseph Francis Xavier, Prince of Brazil, now Prince Regent, born in 1761, and who, in 1777, was married to his aunt, Mary Francisca Benedicta, born in 1746. There is another son John Maria Joseph, with two daughters, Maria Anna Victoria, and Maria Clementina.

On the commencement of her reign, her Majesty ingratiated herself much with her people, by the dismissal of the Marquis de Pombal, the prime minister, who had acquired much odium, during the late reign, as the adviser of the severities against the conspirators, and of the expulsion of the Jesuits. We must not however, place implicit reliance on all the com-

plaints urged against Pombal, as the clergy were his most bitter enemies; and his political opponents acknowledged, that he had adopted many measures highly beneficial to the genuine interests of his country. During the American contest, Portugal still preserved her neutrality, and applied herself to the improvement of her finances, and the increase of her navy, which is still however on a small scale, though her ships are all very fine ones of their class. The discipline, and cleanliness of the Portuguese navy, has also been much improved by the introduction of British officers into that service. Don Pedro, the husband of her Majesty, has been some years dead; and the Queen herself having fallen into a religious melancholy, supposed to have arisen from some scruples of conscience, which could not be healed by his Holiness's dispensation, a regency has been appointed, at the head of which is his Royal Highness the Prince of Brazil, now in his 46th year. His Highness seems to regulate his affairs by the policy of his ancestors, holding still a friendly conduct towards England, although our merchants have sometimes had cause to complain of restrictions, which have interfered with their commerce, without being of any real benefit to Portugal.

The Portuguese seem anxious to keep aloof from French politics, and in the early part of the revolutionary war, sent the greatest part of their navy to this country, as an auxiliary force; they were, indeed, of no use whatever, being rendered unfit for service, from an epidemic disorder, which raged on board of them at Spithead. An order having been issued for the British surgeons, to examine into their state, we are told by Dr. Trotter, in his *Medicina Nautica*, that the sick were laid on the decks, with clean sheets under them, for inspection. This new mode of preparing for a survey, gave him the idea, that their medical regime was not the most conducive to the health of their patients, and his observations confirmed it. The squadron was at last obliged to return, and Portugal has not again interfered with the military world.

The commerce of Portugal is extensive, both from her own products, and that of her colonies. At home she has red and white wines, olive oil, oranges, lemons, figs, raisins, chesnuts, almonds, sweetmeats, and large quantities of salt, in St. Ubes Bay, or Letuval, and, indeed, all along the coast of Algarva. She imports from Asia, large quantities of silks, muslins, calicoes, tea, &c. and is the only European power that has a territorial establishment in China, being allowed to keep a garrison in the island of Macao, near Canton. Her principal imports, however, are from Brazil, consisting of gold, silver, diamonds, sugar, tobacco, snuff, Brazil wood, and many other species of dying stuffs: also hides, cotton, tallow, and even train oil, from a whale fishery which has been set a-going on that coast. Her trade in slaves, from Africa to Brazil, is very great; besides a large concern in the same traffic, from the ports of Melinda and Mosambique, on the Eastern coast of Africa, to India.

From us they take large quantities of woollens, lead, and tin, for the China market; besides stuffs, linen cloth, and provisions from Ireland, as well as pilchards from Cornwall, and salt cod from Newfoundland. Her commerce with the other States of Europe, before the new order of things, was also extensive, and she has dabbled very little in that hollow system of neutrality, the carrying trade.

The inquisition has lost much of its power, but the people in general remain in the greatest ignorance and superstition. Thus have we brought down our subject to the present day, without, however, venturing to speculate even on the first page of the book of futurity.

L.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON EPIC POETRY AMONG THE GREEKS,

(Continued from page 332—Vol. II.)

WE now resume our classical portfolio, for the purpose of continuing some remarks on the epic poetry of the Greeks. Our readers will remember, that we had still one question on the general nature of epic poetry, which we thought proper to defer for a subject of the present number; and that question is, whether epic poetry ought necessarily to inculcate a

moral. That epic poetry, and, indeed, poetry of every description, ought not to be composed in opposition to morality, is a truth which will probably be denied by none but the venders of prohibited ballads: but when modern critics have laid it down as an indisputable fact, that the first object of every great poet not only ought to have been, but actually has been the inculcation of a definite moral, we cannot help thinking, that their virtuous enthusiasm has blinded their perspicuity, and that they have attributed to every great poet intentions which he never had. Le Pere le Bossu occupies part of his treatise on epic poetry, in proving that it is essentially allegorical: that the poet must first establish a moral truth, that he must then imagine some action by which this truth is to be proved and developed, and that he must, lastly, adapt to this truth a historical fact and characters that are known. But it is very pardonable to doubt whether any poet ever proceeded upon this plan. If any one should attempt it, his poem would, in all likelihood, be very moral, but in all likelihood very dull: and the excellence of his intentions would lose its reward by the necessarily consequent scarcity of his readers. It is true, that the events of the Iliad demonstrate all the dangers of discord among leaders of nations: but can we suppose that the establishment of this lesson was the principal object of Homer? Can we believe that it was to prove this point that he composed the Iliad, or that the Odyssey was written as a warning, that a king should never leave his dominions? If so, the subject of one of these poems would form the condemnation of the other. For the Iliad represents a croud of princes who have left their dominions to besiege Troy; and Homer, by no means, gives us to understand that these princes were blameable in uniting to avenge the cause of Menelaus, the violation of hospitality, and the insult thrown upon all the chiefs of Greece. This war is as just as a war can be, and certainly Homer never meant to condemn it. There may, therefore, be reasons, certainly at least there might in those times be reasons, that amply justified a king in leaving his dominions: nay, this very circumstance of departure has formed one of the brightest gems in the crown with which fame has encircled the brows of Peter the Great. We feel much more inclined to believe Horace than Bossu, as to the moral which may be gathered from the poem *a posteriori*, without going at length into the question of the moral design which Homer *a priori* might have had in the composition of the work: and Horace, in his Epistle to Lollius, has said:

" —— *Quid virtus, et quid sapientia possit*
" *Utile, proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem.*"

That is, "Homer has, in the character " of Ulysses, afforded us an example of " the utility of courage, and wisdom:" and, indeed, both in his wanderings, and on his arrival in Ithaca, he had need of both, in order to escape the dangers which awaited him, and singly to deceive all the pretenders who were laying siege to his palace, and his wife.

But generally it must be evident that the object which urges an epic poet to composition, is, in the first instance, the importance and interest of the subject which offers itself to his imagination. The power which warms his fancy, and stimulates it to action, is not the contemplation of a moral truth which may be developed by a poem, but the force of a character, or the grandeur of a subject. All Greece, and all Asia Minor were filled with the remembrance of this famous siege of Troy, which, indeed, was one of the earliest epochs of the fabulous ages. The events which followed that siege were so long celebrated, that most of the tragic poets borrowed thence the subjects of their plays. Is it not then most probable, that Homer collected these traditions in order to compose from them his Iliad and his Odyssey, and that he found his account in reciting before the Greeks the deeds and the characters which they best knew, and of which the recollection was most encouraged? In every age poets have more or less endeavoured to flatter the vanity of their auditors, from ancient bards, who puffed their patrons and the people, to modern authors, who manufacture clap-traps on the king and the navy. With more allowable accommodation, good poets have always endeavoured to adapt their conceptions to those ideas which have been most familiar to the public for whom they have written; remembering that allusion is always most striking where it is most thoroughly known, and that the safest road to the imagination is through the region of the understanding. All this is a natural consequence of their principal object, which unquestionably is to please.

We do not forget indeed, that in those coarser times which are called the heroic ages, when the art of writing was little known, or at any rate little employed, poets were regarded as the preceptors of morality, because

they were celebrated men who had been favoured by Heaven, and always inculcated in their verses the respect which was due to the Gods. Poetry had then another accident, which gave it a sacred character, namely, its constant employment in all religious ceremonies. Homer himself relates, that Agamemnon had left, about the person of his Queen Clytemnestra, one of these divine bards, who was commissioned to remind her every day in his verses, of the advantages of virtue, and the dangers of vice: and that Ægysthus did not succeed in corrupting the Queen, until he had persuaded her to remove this terrible censor, and banish him to a desert island. But it must also be recollected, that in those distant ages, the notions of morality were not so exalted as they since have been, but possessed a savour of the coarseness which pervaded men's manners. Hence it happens, that there are so many things in Homer, which, as we shall see hereafter, shock the ideas, that we entertain of heroism, now that the progress of civilization has refined our feelings. After all, he who painted heroes with this coarseness of habit, painted men as they really were; but he who should paint heroes as refined as we now expect them to be painted, would paint a state of society very beautiful in theory, but impossible in practice. For the wild zeal and enthusiastic virtue which instigates men to the performance of such actions as we deem interesting and heroic in poetry, cannot exist except in some isolated prodigy, when philosophy and civilization have softened the manners and regulated the understandings of mankind. If we are contented, therefore, to behold ignorance and roughness represented in the one half of the picture, we may gain breadth and boldness in the other; but in proportion as the coarseness of nature is softened on the one side, the strength of nature will be enfeebled on the other. But it is time to say something more particular of Homer, and his works; and the analysis of his beauties, of his faults, and of the leading criticisms to which his poetry has afforded a subject, will give us an opportunity of explaining and illustrating the observations on epic poetry, which it still remains for us to make.

There is no author whose works have been more admired by posterity; there is no author whose person has been so little known. We are not informed where he was born, nor even precisely at what period he lived. It is conjectured, and with much probability, that he came into the world nearly a thousand years before the Christian æra, and three hundred years after the siege of Troy. It has been said, that his poverty reduced him to ask alms; but this story is founded on vague traditions, and, perhaps, on the hospitality which he met, whenever he recited his verses. Suidas enumerates ninety cities which disputed the honour of being Homer's birth-place. The Emperor Adrian consulted the Oracles to decide the controversy, and the Oracles replied, that Homer was born in the Isle of Ithaca. But as the Oracles had then become a good deal discredited, their authority did not decide the question. The town of Smyrna, and the island of Chios, are the two places which have produced the greatest number of proofs; but there are five other spots, in every one of which many learned men have supposed it likely that he first saw the light: the names of these cities, and the subject of their dispute, are commemorated in the famous distich:

Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ.

" Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ."

An English Epigram, alluding to the traditions we have before mentioned, satirically says:

" Seven rival cities strive for Homer dead---
" Through which the living Homer begged his
" bread!"

At last, the question signifies little to us: we know that human nature is honoured by his genius, and that his writings belong to the world!

The accounts of his origin, and of his life, are as manifold and fabulous as his poems themselves. The commentator Eustathius, who ascribes his birth to Egypt, assures us, that he was suckled by a priestess of Isis, whose breast distilled honey instead of milk: that one night the child was heard to utter sounds which resembled the notes of nine different birds, and that the next morning nine young turtle-doves were found in his cradle at play with him. Heliodorus pretends that he was a son of Mercury. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that Homer had found the manuscript of one Daphne, a priestess in the temple of Delphos, who had an admirable talent for rendering the oracles of the gods into beautiful verse, and that from this manuscript Homer transferred the lines into his own poems. Others deduce him in a right line from Apollo, Linus and Orpheus, and, according to the ideas which these names awaken in our minds, it cannot be denied that Homer, with these bards, has a character of family likeness. Lastly,

there are some who say, that long before his time, a Memphian woman, named Phantasia, had written a poem on war, of which he made considerable advantage: and it is observable that the Greek word φαντασια is the synonym and etymon of our word *Fancy*, that is, *Imagination*. The allegory in all these stories is easily discernible, and they only prove the constant and decided taste which the Greeks entertained for allegorical tales, a taste which did not desert them even in the middle age: The fable of the honey and the turtle-doves, in Eustathius, evidently designates the sweetness of Homer's verses; and that of Heliodorus, which assigns Mercury as the poet's father, alludes to the invention of the arts attributed to that deity. As to the lines of the sybil Daphne, the truth is, that as Homer's verses had a most extensive circulation, the oracles often employed them as vehicles for their responses.

To collect all the different opinions that have been pronounced concerning him, it would be necessary to compile a hundred volumes: for it was his fate to be the subject of dispute in all ages. Horace, in the epistle which we have before quoted, has placed Homer, as a moral philosopher, in a higher rank than Chrysippus and Crantor, the one a leader of the Stoic, the other of the Academic school:

"*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid*
"*utile, quid non,*
"*Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore*
"*dicit.*"

Porphyry, in later times, has written a treatise on the philosophy of Homer. But on the other hand Pythagoras, who enjoined his disciples to observe a silence of six years, and who apparently had little value for the talent of speaking well, has sent Homer to Tartarus, for having given false notions of the divinity. It is known by every body that Plato thought fit to banish Homer from his republic: but every body does not so well know how or wherefore. We shall recognise abstract and elevated ideas, but at the same forced and sophistical conclusions, in the motives which have induced Plato to banish poets: yet at the same time we shall acknowledge his beautiful imagination in the manner in which he proposes to execute the sentence. We must first of all premise, that Plato admitted only two things in nature—the original idea, and the existence which is the resemblance of the idea, or, in other words, the copy of the prototype. By the original idea, he designates God, or the Divine Soul, and by the other beings, all the forms, which God created, conformably to the thoughts of his own soul. Plato then says: "All objects being only the copies of this first "model, the arts which imitate them only "copy copies: and to what end is that?" Here the philosopher is but a sophist: but, a following passage shews, that if his metaphysics were sometimes strained, at least his imagination was "sweet and smiling."—"There," says he, "if there come amongst us" (that is among the citizens of that republic, which never existed but in Plato's writings), "a poet "who knows how to take all sorts of forms, "and imitate all, we will treat him with re- "verence, as a holy man, whom it is right to "admire and caress: but we will say to him, "we have no one amongst us who resembles "you, and we are not permitted to have any "such person in our political constitution; "and then we will send him to some other "city, after having shed perfumes upon him, "and crowned his head with flowers." Certainly it is impossible to give a more graceful character to a sentence of banishment, and if the republic of Plato existed, a poet would be tempted to go thither, for the sake of being sent away. But Plato had himself been a poet: and though he burnt his own work, because, with all its probable beauties, he thought it inferior to the poetry of Homer, yet the gentleness of the muse still mantled in his breast, notwithstanding the philosophic roughness that he endeavoured to assume.

Of Homer himself, Plato has declared, that he entertained the highest admiration for the genius of that mighty poet: he confesses that it requires great courage to condemn him: that the respect and love which from his childhood he had felt for the writings of Homer, must needs restrain his expressions; that he regarded him as the creator of all the poets who followed him, and particularly of the dramatic writers; but that at last truth is more important than every thing. He then reproaches Homer in a strain, much more intelligible, as to motive, than the political proscription before cited; and proves, at great length, that the Gods of the Iliad are calculated to give an idea of the divinity, which is both untrue and unworthy; all which, in a philosophical point of view, is certainly very easy to be substantiated.

To justify these Gods of Homer, the ancients and the moderns have had recourse to allegory, and in this system, as in many other matters, they have mixed truth with error. It is beyond a doubt that these allegories and

emblems are of the highest antiquity. They were in almost all countries the first philosophy and the first religion; they were, in a more peculiar manner, the genius of the Oriental nations, and the science of the Egyptians. Homer had long travelled among them, and whether he was actually born in Greece, or in one of those Grecian colonies which covered the coasts of Ionia, he must have been from his childhood imbued with the most familiar notions that prevailed in these countries. Many of Homer's fictions have an allegorical sense so evident, that it is impossible not to understand it. We know that, long after him, it was very usual with poets to designate air by the name of Jupiter, fire by that of Vulcan, earth by that of Cybele, sea by that of Neptune, &c.: All this is incontestable. But to behold, in the whole Iliad, nothing but the personification of moral beings, is an idea as false in philosophy as it would be cold in poetry: and what is worse is, that this forced and chimerical explanation saves nothing: for when we have agreed to take Jupiter for the *power*, Juno for the *justice*, Fate for the *will*, Venus for the *Mercy*, and Minerva for the *wisdom* of the Deity, we shall find that we have yet more inconsistencies to conquer, than we can have in taking them for what they really are meant to be in the Iliad, Gods actuated by all the passions of men. Is it not much the best way to leave matters as they are, and acknowledge that Homer has painted the Gods exactly as the vulgar belief represented them? Let us content ourselves with this single apology, so simple and so satisfactory, that the duty of a poet and the duty of a philosopher are two very different things: that if the philosopher be required to raise himself above the vulgar notions which he ought to correct, the poet is required only to give a good picture of what actually exists. He is the historian of nature, not the reformer.

Many attacks have been levelled against Homer for the grossness of his heroes too; but as the discussion of that question would occupy more space than we can at present afford, we shall defer the further consideration of the subject to our next number.

THE INDIAN INHABITANTS OF BUENOS AYRES.

THE attempts which have been made to reduce the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres into our possession, and the future enterprises of the same sort which will probably be undertaken, naturally excites a peculiar interest with respect to the character of its inhabitants, by whom our arms are either to be forwarded or resisted. The state of the population, and their internal animosities, were indeed the chief grounds on which are founded our hopes of success; and an union of these supposed enemies was as disastrous to our plans as it was entirely unexpected. Some account of the several classes of the inhabitants, and their respective manners and customs, will tend to throw much light on this subject.

The original Indian inhabitants of this province, as well as of the rest of South America, are now proved, by very distinct traces, to have, at a distant period, passed over from the northern parts of Asia; and hence diffused themselves over the whole Transatlantic continent. That they all originate from one stock is sufficiently evinced by the extreme similarity of their appearance, even in the most distant latitudes. The colour common to the whole race of man in the new world, from Hudson's Bay to Terra del Fuego, is a copper colour, or reddish brown, much less diversified by the influence of climate, than the complection of the various inhabitants of the old continent: and where any diversity appears, it is not in proportion to their distance from the equator, but according to the elevation of the territory which they inhabit. Their hair is black, long, coarse and uncurled. It has been an opinion generally received, that they have naturally no beards; but it has been recently doubted whether this is not an artificial conformity; and those best acquainted with Indian habits and customs, assert, that it arises from the eradication, at the earliest appearance, of every hair on the chin.

Their Asiatic origin is confirmed by a strong similarity in their religious traditions, which, by producing the deepest impression on the human mind, are most likely to be transmitted from generation to generation. The American Indians believe that, at the first, the globe was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no living

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creature, except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean and touching it, the earth instantly arose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth; and, having finished his work, made an arrow, which was to be preserved with great care, and to remain untouched: but mankind were so devoid of understanding as to carry it away, and the sacrilege so enraged the great bird, that he has never since appeared. They have also, in the northern parts, a tradition that they originally came from another country, inhabited by very wicked people, and traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they had suffered great misery, it being there always winter, with ice and deep snow. They relate that, in ancient times, their ancestors lived till their feet were worn out with walking, and their throats with eating. They describe a deluge when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves.

Many strange accounts have been given by travellers of the external appearance of the natives in the internal parts of South America. Sir Walter Raleigh tells us "of men, whose "heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" another traveller amuses us with a kingdom of Amazons, and a nation of very little men in their neighbourhood: while innumerable stories have been told of the gigantic race of the Patagonians. One tribe, the *Caaiquas*, is said to have been, almost all, hump-backed and bow-necked, whilst the women were nearly as white as the Spaniards; and, though in general thick legs and joints predominated, another tribe was known by the Indian appellation of *Suripchaquins*, which signifies ostrich-feet, because their legs had no calf, and their feet, down to the heels, resembled those of an ostrich. Hence, they were remarkably swift-footed; indeed all the Indians possessed great powers of agility; and surprising feats of pedestrian exertion, both as to speed and length of course, are recorded of them. The general character of their countenance is described to be, a very small forehead, covered with hair towards its extremities, as far as the middle of the eye-brows; eyes, black or hazel, small, but capable of discerning objects at a great distance; a thin nose, small, and bending towards the upper lip; lips thick, and ears large; the face, upon the whole, round, and farther removed than that of any other people from the oval shape. At the first aspect, a South American appears to be mild and innocent; but on a more attentive view, something wild, distrustful and sullen, may be discovered in his countenance.

The limited state of the intellectual faculties of the South Americans, so much insisted upon by their oppressors, as a proof of their inferiority in the scale of human beings, seems, upon a closer investigation, to be nothing more than the natural result of their unimproved and uncivilized condition. The Mexicans and Peruvians are striking examples of their capacity to emerge from ignorance and imbecility; for though the relations of the magnificence, the arts, and the civilization of those nations are often exaggerated, and sometimes fabulous, enough remains to prove their title to a distinguished place in the history of man; and their present descendants, if not held in the severest and most depressive bondage by the Spaniards, would be found capable of as much, or greater exertion of intellect than their oppressors. It will scarcely be believed, that the pride and avarice of these ferocious conquerors, led them to consider the American Indians as beings of a nature entirely inferior; and that it was only the authority of a papal bull which caused those wretched men to be admitted into the rank of human creatures.

The Spaniards have described them, in general, as cowardly and treacherous enemies, incapable of conduct and discipline: but clubs, bows, arrows, and lances, the weapons of the Indians, could not withstand the impetuosity of the cavalry, or the dreadful carnage of fire-arms. Frequently, however, they resisted their invaders with success; and a remarkable instance of conduct and discipline was displayed by the Chilian Indians, under the conduct of one of their veteran Caceques. Indignant at the constant defeat of his countrymen by a handful of strangers, he divided his force into thirteen divisions, of one thousand each, placing them behind each other in regular columns. He ordered that, when the first thousand should be routed, they should not fall back on the second, but retreat by the wings, and form themselves again in rear of the whole; and thus, by the time that the other twelve had successively been routed, the first body was fresh and again equal to the encounter. As the Indians persevered in this manœuvre, the Spaniards could make no impression upon them: fatigued and dispirited, they attempted to ex-

tricate themselves; but were, with their General, *Baldivia*, overpowered, and massacred.

The Indians are firm believers in the immortality of the soul; and they believe, that in a future state, men will be agitated with the same passions, and engaged in the same pursuits as in the present world. That their friends might not enter into the world whither they had departed, defenceless and unprovided, they buried with their bodies their weapons of war, or of the chace, their domestic utensils, together with maize, venison, and whatever was reckoned as necessaries in their simple mode of life.

In some provinces, upon the death of a Cacique, a number of his wives, favourites and slaves, were put to death, and interred with him, that he might appear with the same dignity as he enjoyed here, in the world of spirits, and be waited upon by the same attendants. Many voluntary victims offered themselves, and counted the privilege of accompanying their departed master as a high distinction: it was even found difficult, on some occasions, to set bounds to this enthusiasm, and to reduce the train of a favourite leader to such a number as the tribe could afford to spare.

Upon the death of a Cacique, or on any general mourning, which consists in abstaining from fish or any other things that may be considered as delicacies, it is customary for the whole community to change their names. Amongst the *Guaraquis*, the women, at the death of their husbands, used to throw themselves from some eminence, high enough to cripple them for the remainder of their lives. They believed that the soul, on its leaving the body, never wandered at any great distance from it, but kept it company in the grave, where they, accordingly, left a vacancy for it to reside in.

By some tribes, both sexes were admitted to the priesthood: the men were not allowed to marry, but the women were. They were generally chosen to this office while children; as a preference was always shewn to those who, at an early time of life, gave symptoms of mental imbecility. Those who were afflicted with epilepsy were esteemed selected for this employment, as chosen by the demons themselves, in whose confidence they were supposed to be. When they died, they were considered as adding to the number of demons; and such as had offended any one of them when living, now began to mitigate their vengeance by more liberal donations to the priesthood. At the decease of the chieftains in some of the tribes, one of the most distinguished of their women was chosen to make a skeleton of his body, dissecting the flesh as clean as possible from the bones, burning the flesh and entrails, and burying the bones for a while; after which they were disinterred, and removed to the proper burial-place of their ancestors, on the sea coast.

The manners and customs of the Indians have undergone a considerable change by their intercourse with the Europeans. Many of them have embraced the Christian religion: a far greater number have been reduced into servitude, and have insensibly contracted the habits and learnt the arts of their task masters. They are not absolutely considered as slaves, but they have certain very severe tasks imposed upon them by the laws. They are not obliged to work at the cultivation of vines, olives, sugar-canes, or any articles which are accounted luxuries, or devoted to foreign commerce. But they are constrained to assist the Spaniards in the culture of maize, and other grain of necessary consumption; in tending cattle; in erecting edifices of public utility; in building bridges; and in forming roads. They are also forced to undertake the unwholesome and laborious task of extracting ore from the bowels of the earth, and of separating and refining it. To these tasks they are called out successively, in divisions, and no person can be compelled to go but in his turn. The number called out must not exceed the seventh part of the inhabitants in any district; and each division, destined for the mines, remains there six months. They are paid at the rate of four reals a day, and have often opportunities of earning double that sum. No Indians residing at a greater distance than thirty miles from a mine, are included in the division employed in working it: nor are the inhabitants of the low country exposed now to certain destruction, as they were at first, by being compelled to remove from that warm climate to the cold and elevated regions of the mines.

But these regulations are never well observed. The task-masters, from a regard to their own interests, often protract the term of labour greatly beyond the prescribed limits; and the deleterious effluvia of the mines sweep away multitudes of the devoted labourers. The oppression under which they groan renders them timid, suspicious and deceitful. They shrink from the voice of a Spaniard; and foster the most bitter, but secret animosity against their masters. The same causes serve to augment

that indolence which naturally prevails among all nations unaccustomed to the busy arts of civilized life. They are remarkably slow, but very persevering in any task which they voluntarily undertake; and this has given rise to a proverbial saying among the Spaniards, when any thing of little value requires much time and patience to execute, that it is only fit to be done by an Indian. In weaving carpets, curtains, quilts, and other stuffs, being unacquainted with any better method of passing the woof, they have the patience to count the threads every time, one by one, so that a year or two is requisite to finish a single piece. But the care of almost every work is left to their women, who spin and make their apparel, cook the food, grind the barley, roast the maize, and prepare from it their intoxicating beverage called *chica*. The only domestic labour in which the men engage, is the ploughing of their little spot of land; but the sowing, and the rest of the culture, is done by their wives and children.

The tasks imposed upon them by their masters are performed with reluctance, and require the constant attendance of overseers. The only thing for which they shew any alacrity is, for entertainments of dancing, singing, and drinking. They never fail, on these occasions, to drink till they are completely overcome by the liquor. It is worth notice, however, that the Indian women, whether married or single, as well as the young unmarried men, entirely abstain from intemperate excess; it being a maxim amongst them that drunkenness is the exclusive privilege of masters of families, as being persons who have others to take care of them, when they are unable to do so themselves. The person who gives the entertainment provides *chica* enough for all the guests he invites, at the rate of a jug, which contains about two gallons, for each. The eatables seldom consist of any thing but parched maize or boiled herbs. The women hand the *chica* round in calebashes; a kind of pipe and tabor is the music; and the dancing, which consists chiefly of various attitudes and gestures, not reconcilable to our ideas of decorum, commences. Their mirth continues while kept up by the liquor, or till they sink under their intemperance. The day after the festival is called *concho*, which signifies the day for drinking off the remains of the preceding; with these they begin, and if not sufficient, they club for more; which frequently occasions a new *conioch* for the next day, and so on, till no more *chica* can be had. Their burials are likewise celebrated with excessive drinking. The house of mourning is filled with jugs of *chica*, and all of the nation who happen to pass by, are invited to come in and drink to the honour of the deceased. The ceremony lasts four or five days; for strong liquor is the great object of their desires and labours.

Their huts are small, and have a fire-place in the centre. Their beds, in some parts, consist of two or three sheep-skins; in others, they tie a bullock's hide by the four corners, to four short posts stuck in the ground, and they never undress. They breed poultry and hogs, and are particularly fond of dogs. It is worth observing, that the dogs bred by the Spaniards and Mulattoes, and those bred by the Indians, appear animated by the mutual hatred of their masters: the former will fall upon an Indian wherever they approach him, and the latter attack with equal fury every Spaniard or Mulattoe they meet. Round some of their huts, a wall is erected, about four feet high, wholly built of bullock's heads, one above the other, with the horns, as cut from the animals neck. Their food chiefly consists of beef, fruit, and maize: the usual method of cooking their beef is to suspend it over a fire on the earth, upon an iron or wooden spit; and they cut off pieces as they want it, when little more than warmed through.

From these particulars, it will be seen that the Indian population of Buenos Ayres are still very little advanced beyond the savage state. They know nothing of freedom beyond the enjoyment of indolence and of a lawless independence. They detest the yoke of the Spaniards, their task-masters; but they know nothing of other Europeans; nor have any faith to place either in the British or any other white nation which would promise them deliverance. No aid can be expected from them in any of our enterprises, until we have first fairly subdued the Spaniards, and taught the Indians by good usage, that we really are their friends.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

MANAGERS AND MELODRAMAS.

Sir,

THE injustice and partiality of managers have been, for some time past, a subject of complaint in theatrical circles; and I am about to present you with an example, which will prove how shamefully they are influenced by their biasses and prejudices in the acceptance and rejection of the pieces that are offered. While they are gorging the town with the melodramas of a hundred unfledged authors, they have actually rejected from both of the winter theatres a most admirable, and, in my opinion, effective performance, which I herewith transmit. The interest, as is usual in these pieces, is of a German tinge; and the characters and circumstances are all of them foreign, not only to the vulgar rules of dramatic writing, but to the vulgar country of Old England: indeed, some persons to whom I have shewn the manuscript, which was bequeathed to me by an ingenious author, now no more, have suspected that the piece is nothing more than a translation; but this would, surely, have been no objection with modern managers. The author himself had been so considerate, as to save them the labour of setling the cast, or the title of the play, yet the managers said, that "*the piece would not succeed in representation,*"

"And managers are honourable men!"

Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

STEALI;

OR, THE LADY OF THE GAOL.

A Melodrama, in One Act.

Bluffenberg, Lieutenant of the Police, a sleeping character	Mr. Maddocks.
Count Von Snarl, Governor of a District	Mr. De Camp.
The Count Steali, an unfortunate Nobleman	Mr. Elliston.
Smacko, formerly a taylor, but now coachman to Bluffenberg	Mr. Mathews.
Snappenfield, a Police Officer	Mr. Gibbon.
Miss Bluffenberg, the Lieutenant's daughter	Miss Duncan.
Liskins, a Waiting Maid,	Mrs. Bland,
Officers, Citizens, Dancers, &c.	

The place of action, is Strasbourg and the environs.

Scene—A Street in Strasbourg.

Enter Von Snarl.

Von Snarl.—The lovely Miss Bluffenberg still rejects my suit: but I am now made Governor of Alsatia---her father is Lieutenant of Police, in Strasbourg; and her lover, the Count Steali, is in gaol. Yes---all is safe. Here comes my faithful Snappenfield.

Enter Snappenfield.

Snap.—What deep anxiety distorts the brow of my dear General?

Von Snarl.—'Tis joy that gives to my countenance the expression of sorrow.

Snap.—Ha! has your passion for Miss Bluffenberg been crowned with success?

Von Snarl.—An adventure has occurred, which secures the fair one to my arms.

Snap.—Then hold her tight. What is the adventure?

Von Snarl.—To you I will entrust the tale. Last night, at dusk, I walked along the streets of Strasbourg. An ominous sensation of some approaching accident, good or bad, pervaded my breast. The moon beam glittered on my eye, but the darkness of doubt was on my soul.

Snap.—I am breathless with anxiety. Pray proceed.

Von Snarl.—Suddenly the sky was overcast ---deep thunders roared, blue lightnings flashed, the rain beat thickly on the cape of my uniform great coat, and, but for the precaution of an umbrella, I had certainly been wet to the skin. By the light of the electrified atmosphere I perceived a figure approach me in a ragged pair of breeches.

Snap.—Oh! my foreboding soul, the Count!

Von Snarl.—You shall hear. His brow was bent, and misery seemed seated.—

Snap.---Where? In his eye?

Von Snarl.---No.---Seated in those ragged breeches of which I told you. He threw himself into a commanding attitude, and with a voice, like the hurricane of Persia, asked me for sixpence, to drink my health. I refused him the sum, and passed on.—

Snap.---Without discovering his person?

Von Snarl.---Cease to interrupt me. The dampness of the weather soon urged me to re-

lieve my nose from superfluous moisture---imagine my horror and surprise, when, on putting my hand in my pocket, I missed my handkerchief!

Snap.---I see it!

Von Snarl.---See what? my pocket handkerchief?

Snap.---No, my lord, the villainy of Count Steali.

Von Snarl.---I gave the alarm, and my men produced the Count: but not till he had pawned the handkerchief, and spent all the money arising therefrom.

Snap.---Amazing!

Von Snarl.---He is now in the custody of Bluffenberg. But he shall be hanged, and the lovely Miss B. shall yet be my own. Yes! sure, the pangs of hell are jokes to the torture of jealousy: my heart has long been bursting with despair, wider than the desert, and wilder than the billows: but now Count Steali dies, and Von Snarl shall yet be happy. [*Exit.*

Snap. (Aside)---Now to end the scene with a song.

Song.—SNAPPENFIELD.

HOW blest in sweet and peaceful dreams,
The native of that country seems,
Where vagabonds are not allowed
For to go safely out abroad.

Let Alsace, through her various shires,
Molest a thief wheree'er he flies,
And hell, with all its blazing fires,
Receive the rascal when he dies! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in BLUFFENBERG'S *house.---Miss* BLUFFENBERG *and* LISKINA *are discovered.*

Lisk.---Nay, lady, dry your beautiful eyes ---we will yet contrive an escape for the Count Steali, and you shall be blest in the society of your lover.

Miss Bluf.---Gentle Liskina, do not feed me with false hopes.

Lisk.---Hope, madam, is a food easy of digestion.

Miss Bluf.---Ah! no! to a disordered constitution, alas! 'tis like physic, which will never remain upon the stomach.

Lisk.---Madam, he shall be preserved: for I have heard, that, in a play, somebody once said, "*to save the life of a brave man is a desirable object!*" With Smacko's help I do not despair. Hark! how the rain beats, and Smacko is out in the storm. Would he were safe at home.

MUSICAL SITUATION.

Trio.---SMACKO, *Miss* BLUFFENBERG, *and* LISKINA.

Lisk.---Who is knocking at the door,
And wants to be let in?

Smacko (without).---To keep one in a storm so sore,
I swear it is a sin.

Miss Bluf.---Honest Smacko, is it you?

Smacko.---Yes, ma'am, will you let me through?

Miss Bluf. and Lisk.---Oh, by all means, let him through.

Lisk.---I will open the door, madam: it will open, if I lift up the latch, and turn the key! [*She opens the door, soft music playing all the while. Miss* BLUFFENBURGH *kisses her hand to Smacho, and exit.*]

Lisk.---Now, Smacko, be merry. You know it is your character never to speak without a joke.

Sm.---Yet I always speak funnily, *without a joke.*

Lisk.---We must help the Count Steali to escape.

Sm.---By helping him to *his cape* (*i. e.* escape), we may raise his *choler* (*i. e.* collar).

Lisk.---That joke comes well from you, who were once a taylor---and when we have delivered him---

Sm.---When we have delivered him, if he has a coat to his back, he'll *laugh in his sleeve.*

Lisk.---If he ever is so ungrateful, we'll rip up his coat and him too.

Sm.---*So it seems, (i. e.)* sow its seams.

Lisk.---You appear dejected?

Sm.---Then I am like an old hat.

Lisk.---Why so?

Sm.---Because I look *unnappy* (*i. e.* unhappy).

Lisk.---I suppose you are thinking of Miss?

Sm.---I think you are *talking of Miss* (*i. e.* amiss).

Lisk.---Then I will sing you a song.

Sm.---It is but fair to *give me a song*, since you *give yourself so many airs.* But if you will sing, while I think of a plan for delivering the Count, sing me the old tune that I am so fond of: for my mind is so perplexed, that I would almost *give my life for an old song.*

Ballad.---LISKINA.

OH! sweet are the gales and the soft blowing breezes,
And sweet is the sound of the motionless sea
And sweet are the birds as they sing on th trees-es,
But sweeter than all is my true love to me!

I'll make him a beautiful pink pair of breeches,
With richly worked seams, and with regular stitches;
For dearly as I love the touch of a guinea,
My Smacko he loves his dear little Liskina!

Lisk.---Now do you love me, Smacko?

Sm.---Better than my coach-horses---though my love for both is *stable*.

Lisk.---Our master, Bluffenberg, is, you know, Lieutenant of the Police---he keeps the key of the prison, where the Count is confined. That key we must steal.

Sm.---That is but fair: the key is *steel*.

Lisk.---You talk of steel---are you serious?

Sm.---No; *ironical*: but when we talk of *steel*, as I am a comical *dog*, I am apt to come to *bark*.

Lisk.---Then we will take advantage of the Lieutenant's evening slumber, and change the key.

Sm.---We will, and relieve the Count---only let us take care not to get ourselves into a scrape with our master---we are in high favour just now---but if we *change his key, he may change his note*. [*Exeunt.*

Scene.---The inside of a Prison.

Count Stealı *is discovered at the back of the stage, lying on a heap of straw.*

Count St.---With what unrelenting severity do my persecutors treat me! The Count Von Snarl vows vengeance against me for picking his pocket of a common cambric handkerchief. ---Cambric!---by all my hopes, 'twas cotton. ---Callico!—oh! lost, unfortunate Stealı! May all the curses of hell overwhelm me---may thunder shake my frame, and rolling tempests, in their vengeful fury, drive me to sinking atoms, if the handkerchief had been washed for a fortnight!---and then so snuffy---Ha! 'twas because the Count Von Snarl takes snuff, that he thus bitterly resents the loss of his pocket handkerchief! What rash intruder's here?

Enter Snappenfield,

Now, minion, speak thy business quickly.

Snap.---Art thou the imprisoned Count?

Stealı (sullenly, but magnanimously)---I am Stealı.

Snap.---I come from Count Von Snarl, with proposals.

Stealı.---How? Does the fiend relent?

Snap.---Hold, not abusive language, Count, I offer you liberty.

Stealı.---Speak boldly.

Snap.---Do you know the value of liberty?

Stealı.---Can I do otherwise? I have been in England!

Snap.---That happy country, where equal laws and equal rights protect alike the peasant and the peer---where, except a few trifling defeats, victory crowns the warlike flag---where industry, commerce, and the arts, flourish kindly hand in hand---where every man is brave, and every woman beautiful!

Stealı.---Where, above all, a gracious king, the father of his people, the enemy of all unjust exclusion, the protector of freedom, the friend of religious toleration, unites his subjects at home in the bonds of concord, and waves his glorious standard to the farthest extremities of the globe!

[*During the applause which these sentences may naturally be expected to produce, the actors are requested to come down to the lamps, and throw themselves into some graceful, but energetic attitude.*]

Snap.---Liberty is offered to you, then, upon one condition.

Stealı.---Name it!

Snap.---That you renounce all claim upon the heart of Miss Bluffenberg.

Stealı—I will sooner die! yes! let the mighty frame of earth dissolve; let atomic anarchy overwhelm the created forms of matter; let Chaos reassume his ancient reign, and pulverize all nature into dust; let any thing and every thing, most dire and most impossible, converge into the circle of probability, ere Stealı shall commit an outrage so disgraceful to the character of a soldier, so false to the feeling of a lover!

Snap.—This language little decks the tongue of one, who late was committed to a gaol for the petty larceny of a pocket handkerchief.

Stealı—Wretch, dost thou twit me with my indiscretion? Know, that though my necessities were urgent, my honour is still unstained: and such is the nicety of my philosophy, that I can keep my heart unsullied, even while my hand is in the act of spoiling!

Snap.—Ha, ha, ha!

Stealı—Nay, if you laugh at woes like mine, I must revenge the insult offered in my person, to suffering humanity.---Hence—lest my rage grow uncontroulable, and I add to my venial errors, the foible of murder!

[*Snappenfield goes out, and the scene closes.*

Scene: *A splendid Apartment in* Bluffenberg's *House.* Bluffenberg *is discovered, tranquilly sleeping to slow Music.*

Enter Miss Bluffenberg.

Miss Bluffenberg—By all the fates, he sleeps! The keys are by his side, that may release my

lover, my faithful Steali. Yes! to him will I be sweetly adherent; him alone will I ever love, though all the threats of the odious Von Snarl, though the wealth of all the districts that Von Snarl commands, were mustered against my darling Count. I will secure the keys, while yet my father sleeps! but first let me make one or two observations on sleep! Sleep, that like a melodrama, stupifies the brain, and fills the mind with incoherent visions—that like *a Tale of Mystery*, perplexes the understanding—that binds our sense as fast as *a Lady on a Rock*—that holds reason as in a *Fortress*, and deceives while it seems to *tickle ye*—(i. e. Tekeli) nay, which often agitates when it should *allay* (i. e. Ella)—'tis as enchanting as a *Wood Dæmon*, and closing all eyes, makes every human being look like a *Blind-boy*, or a *Sleeping Beauty*. Yet sleep has its sweets—I feel them all. Ha! my soul becomes rapt---inspired—my harp is in the room, and as I touch its eloquent strings, my thoughts shall arrange themselves in harmonious verse!

Song.---*Miss* BLUFFENBERG.

Sleep, I sing thy purple pow'r,
Guardian of the silken hour,
Son of aromatic night,
Hovering till the rosy light!
Oft I seek thy melting aid,
When I roam th' impervious grove,
When I court the sunny shade,
When I muse on odious love!
Odious love! oh no, no, no,
I will not belye it so---
Sleep! why what art thou to me?
I will haste and steal the key.

[*She is about to take the key, music playing gently.*]

Miss Bluf.---Hark! I hear approaching footsteps---for the present I will therefore retire.

(*The old gentleman continues fast asleep.*)

Enter SMACKO *and* LISKINA.

Lisk.—Now, Smacko, be resolute: let nothing cow you.

Sm.—No, no, nothing *cows* me: I am not such a *calf*.

Lisk.—If you are a calf, I have mistaken you, I know that.

Sm.—And if in a *calf* you have *made a mistake*, you have been very near *making a bull*, I know that.

Lisk.—And when we have made Miss Bluffenberg and the Count happy, will you make me happy, and marry me!

Sm.---Ay, *marry*.

Lisk.—Now you're my dear.

Sm.—If I'm your *dear* (i. e. deer) before marriage, I hope I shall not be your *stag*, and *wear horns* afterwards.

Lisk.—Oh no---you shall always have my *heart*, (i. e. hart).

Sm.---I thought you would not be be-*hind*---but don't kick up a *row*---(i. e. roe).

Lisk.---No, my *buck*---I'll be pliant.

Sm.---As *doe*---(i. e. dough.) But if you are *dough*, I am afraid you will be a *cake*---and though you be ever so much like *dough*, there will be no *knead* (i. e. need) of that, you know.

Lisk.---My dear, I will not be so ill-*bred*---(i. e. bread) only don't you be *crusty*, for I never am.

Sm.---No, my dear, but you're rather *crumby*---(alluding to Mrs. Bland's plump figure). *Vide* the *Dramatis Personæ* at the beginning.

Lisk.---Had not we better take the key before the veteran Bluffenberg awakes? he is now *fast*.

Sm.---*So is the Count*: but I must sing a song before we take the keys.

Song.---SMACKO.

As soon as we marry, my dear little maid,
I'll stedfastly follow the tayloring trade;
To make up all quarrels that trade clearly teaches,
For taylors are skilful in mending of *breaches*---(i. e. breeches.)

As long as the cash we continue to make,
Our wives will approve of each *measure we take*;
And though husband's a fool, wife his money will use,
And think it unjust to fall out with *the goose*.

Our pains will be few, and our joys never ending,
Eternally darning, and patching, and mending:
And if I *mend* my wife, she herself will console
By knowing my plan is the best *on the whole*—(i. e. in darning the hole.)—Now for the key.

[*They advance on tip-toe, music playing, and steal the keys from the side of the old gentleman, who continues asleep.*]

Lisk.---I can't believe that Count Steali would be poor enough to filsh a handkerchief---to suppose such a thing of a nobleman, is an *affront to his pocket*.

Sm.---However, he made shift to *pocket the affront*.

Lisk.---If he *made a shift*, I suppose he can't

make a handkerchief, or he would not have been forced to *steal* one. And then it seems it was a dirty one. Only think of a Count taking a dirty clout!

Sm.---Ah, my dear, it is not the first time a great lord has had recourse to a *dirty thing* in his necessity.

Lisk.---Well, after all, we poor folks have no business with the honesty of our betters---so let us have a dancing duet.

Sm.---What these are your *steps*, eh? You want to *lead me a dance* already.

Dancing duet.—SMACKO *and* LISKINA.

When once we are married, how happy we'll be,
How happy, how brisk, and how merry,
Although it's against all experience you see,
Li fol de rol lol de rol derry.
Tol de rol de liddy tol, fiddle diddle lido,
Snip, snap, jig, jog, high, down, gay, twiddle, liddle, dido.
The bells all a-ringing, the folks all a-singing,
Oh yes, we'll be happy, oh very,
The folks are all a-singing, the bells all a-ringing,
O! fol de rol lol de rol derry!
Tol de rol de liddy tol, fiddle, diddle lido,
Snip, Snap, jig, jog, high down, gay, twiddle, liddle, dido. [*Exeunt.*

Although this dancing duet is to be accompanied in the Orchestra with drums, flutes, trumpets, triangles, and "OTHER WIND INSTRUMENTS," *the old gentleman continues fast asleep.*

Re-enter Miss BLUFFENBERG: *she advances on tip-toe to more music, and approaches her father; she searches his pockets for the keys, but not finding them there, exclaims, with a shriek,*

The keys are gone! my brain turns round! Oh!

She then falls backwards—servants enter on the noise of her fall, and bear her off---the old gentleman being awaked, lifts up his hands to heaven. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE.—*A plain---View of the walls of Strasbourg---The stage is darkened---Thunder and lightning.*

Enter COUNT STEALI.

Count---Stormy weather indeed! This is the third tempest we have had within these four and twenty hours. My soul rejoices in the liberty which, thanks to the ingenuity of Smacko and Liskina, I now enjoy. Yes, like the wind of heaven, I wander freely now! But to leave my lovely Miss Bluffenberg! ah, there is woe indeed! Farewell to Strasbourg, farewell to Alsace, farewell to pocket-picking! I am struck with remorse for my crimes; and if ever this right hand commit robbery again—it shall be on the highway! But Von Snarl is governor of Alsace, and unless I quickly fly, his guards, no doubt, will seize and circumvent me! [*Exit.*

Enter Miss BLUFFENBERG.

Miss Bluff.---My fainting fit is over, and I find my lover is fled, fled without giving me a kiss! I must take the air in order to refresh myself. Ah! who comes here?

Enter VON SNARL, SNAPPENFIELD, *and four Officers.*

Von Sn.---The prisoner has escaped, but the lady shall yet be mine.

Snap.---Fortune favours our enterprise---for lo, where she walks!

Von Sn.---Propitious stars! Madam, your lover, the Count, is fled---you must surely be in want of some one to supply his place. Ah! let me fill the void within your heart---

Miss Bl.---Never. Leave me.

Von Sn.---Nay, then force shall make thee mine. Guards, bear this haughty fair one to my castle!

SNAPPENFIELD *and Guards seize Miss* BLUFFENBERG, *and are forcing her off the stage, (music always playing) when re-enter Count* STEALI.

Count St.---What noise was there! It is, it is Miss Bluffenberg!---(*They fly into each other's arms, to music.*)

Von Sn.---'Tis the Count---seize him for a felon!

[*Guards advance, led by* SNAPPENFIELD. STEALI *snatches a sword from one of them.* SNAPPENFIELD *flies---the four officers, one after another, fight with, and are killed by the heroic* STEALI;---*he then attacks* VON SNARL *himself, whom, after a long and obstinate combat, he disarms. Music is playing during the whole action; and enter* BLUFFENBERG, SMACKO, LISKINA, *Citizens and Dancers.*]

Citizens---Good news! huzza!

[BLUFFENBERG *unrolls a long parchment, and discovers to the audience these words, written in gold letters:*

"THE SOVEREIGN PARDONS COUNT STEALI, AND DISMISSES VON SNARL FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF ALSACE."

The Count STEALI *and Miss* BLUFFENBERG *embrace.* VON SNARL *is led away by officers. A dance ensues: then* BLUFFENBERG, *Count* STEALI, SMACKO, *Miss* BLUFFENBERG, LISKINA, *Citizens, and Dancers, all fall upon their knees---they raise their hands to heaven, with a grateful action, and the curtain drops.*

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. III.

O Tempora! O Mores!
O the *Times!* O their Manners!

IN the former numbers of the Arbitrator we have confined ourselves to strictures on cotemporary Magazines; but in the present article we shall speak of a Newspaper, which, if it have never distinguished itself by the purity of its politics, or the elegance of its criticism, has at least been remarkable for the coarseness of its injustice, and the profundity of its ignorance. The paper of which we speak, is called *The Times:* and although we do not, in imitation of a scurrilous magazine, entitled the Satirist, think fit to publish the names, or reflect upon the private characters of the individuals concerned in the writings which we censure, yet we do think it not only allowable but necessary, to warn the public against a belief of conclusions that are founded on mistatement of fact, and criticisms that are scribbled in ignorance of their subject. In pursuit of these intentions, we, however, shall now speak merely of those parts of the paper which relate to the drama; on weightier matters we are not eager to touch: for though, in our character, of arbitrators, we may be allowed to treat of almost all those subjects which come under discussion in periodical works, yet we wish to make our essay appear the work, rather of an *arbiter elegantiarum*, than of a political balance-holder.

The writer who furnishes *The Times* with theatrical criticisms, (if that which is exhibited in utter contempt of critical principles can properly be termed criticism at all) is evidently a gentleman of much light reading. And, indeed, he attacks every individual who comes within his reach, with so sharp a superfluity of quotation, that his writings make us snift as furiously, as a school-boy does who has been cheated with mustard on his bread. But we could willingly forgive his fondness for shewing his own reading, if he had not so vehement a passion for undervaluing the capacity of every body else. It is bad enough to sacrifice the truth of taste, or the feelings of an innocent individual, for the sake of *shewing one's own wit;* but he, whose ill-nature cannot rise beyond quotation, commits these slaughters, merely *to shew that he has read the wit of other people.* This is guilt without temptation.

The defects in the theatrical criticism of this gentleman, which are to be pointed out in the present essay, we shall place under the several heads of---

1. Nonsense.
2. Bad English.
3. Ignorance of the particular play criticised.
4. General ignorance of character.
5. General ignorance of stage effect.
6. Injustice, and
7. Mistatement of fact; which last head, because we do not wish to write in an ungentlemanly manner, we shall not classify under any coarser appellation.

We are aware, that young critics, warm with the notions they have brought from school, eager to acquire a literary reputation, and unconscious of the mischief which their works may do among ignorant people, are often hurried away into illiberality, without actually meaning to be downright mischievous. The author of the present essay speaks thus from experience. He has been long in the habit of writing on theatrical subjects, and has often been betrayed by his zeal into a style of criticism, which though it did not carry more heavy condemnation perhaps, than truth would confirm, yet conveyed a much severer satire than cool reflection, candid feeling, or better experience would have justified him in *publishing*.

A mature consideration, not unattended with some very prudent admonitions, has induced him to resign for ever that envenomed knife, which, while it seems to perform a cure, serves only to create an inflammation: and he will feel himself happy, if by pointing out, in other authors, those errors which he hopes to have amended in himself, he may prevent those authors from deceiving themselves, and misleading the public. Entellus, in the Æneid, after conquering his adversary in one of those prize-fights, where men boxed with iron gloves, exclaims fatigued,

Hic cestùs artemque repono!

Here I lay down my iron gloves and my art!

The writer also who presumed to say thus much of himself, will not go to the full practice of Virgil's hero; he will not lay down his art, but he will lay aside his iron gloves.

And now for the exposition by which it is to be proved that the critic of *The Times* requires a little salutary remonstrance: each charge shall be substantiated from his own writings, in his own words.

1. *Nonsense:* The *passions* of the human mind are simple: the *qualities* of the human mind are frequently compound. Thus, love, hatred, hope, fear, anger, joy, sorrow, and the other passions, arise involuntarily and simply in the breast: but wisdom, patience, courage, and other qualities, are frequently the work of our own efforts, and may be compounded of other qualities, or of qualities and passions mixed: true courage, for instance, may be composed of natural fearlessness, and acquired prudence; and therefore Shakspeare has made Falstaff say, that "The "better part of valour is discretion:" that is to say, that the simple quality, discretion, is the better ingredient in the formation of the compound quality, valour. But what shall we think of an author, who imagines a particular quality of the mind to form a part of a written science, such as music? Yet this *little error* is to be found in a theatrical critique, which appeared in *The Times* of October 12, 1807. The subject of the treatise, is the opera of *Love in a Village*, in which Miss Lyon made her first appearance on any stage, as *Rosetta:* and the sentence in question, which probably was composed merely for the purpose of introducing the allusion to Shakspeare, after stating that Miss Lyon can talk so as not to be laughed at, concludes thus: "She has learnt that the *better* "*part of music, like that of valour*," according to Falstaff, "*is discretion.*"

2. *Bad English.*---In *The Times* of October the 27th, 1807, the critic speaks of Mr. Oxberry; and after blaming him for too close an imitation of Mr. Emery, he says, with a happy confusion of the apprentice and the apprenticeship, "This is an error against which our *no-*"*viciate* must exert himself." *The noviciate* is the state of probation; the person entering into that state, is called in English, *a novice.*

3. *Ignorance of the particular play criticised.*---We subjoin the criticism on Mrs. Dickons's first performance of *Polly*, in the *Beggar's Opera.* It appeared in *The Times* of October 24, 1807:

"Mrs. Dickons is taking the usual range of "opera characters, but we could wish that "track had not led her, as it did last night, "into Gay's *Beggar's Opera.* The zest of "this opera is now completely gone---the in-"troduction to it, from which it derived its "name, is omitted. It is recognised as a bur-"lesque by none of the performers, but Mrs. "C. Kemble, Mr. Simmons, and perhaps Mr. "Emery; and we dare say there were not a "hundred persons in the house last night, that "knew it was written in ridicule of the Italian "opera. As it is now performed therefore, it "is a mere low opera, where the singing is no "more unnatural than any other, but where "the dialogue and incident are a great deal "more so. The majority of last night's audi-"ence must have known, that it was very im-"probable a highwayman should have been "found in full dress with a military hat; a "highwayman's mistress with the dress and "manners of a lady, and a receiver of stolen "goods, in gold lace; and seeing no touches of "burlesque in the actors of any of these cha-"racters, they must have gone away without "knowing at all what to make of the piece. "Too large a part of the audience are doubt-"less unsusceptible of the humour of *Tom* "*Thumb*, or the *Critic*, farces where the actors "do enter into the mock heroic of their cha-"racters; but in the *Beggar's Opera*, where "Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Dickons employ none "of that overstrained pathos, which would "suit so well with that excellent ridicule that "makes a man chaunt out "*syllables of do-*"*lour*," just as he is going to be hanged, and "where Mr. Munden is no more extrava-"gant than he always is, an audience have "some excuse for not taking the joke of an "author; and it is for this reason they are not "to be abused for surveying *Macheath's* farewell "last night, rather with pity than with laughter. "From what we have said, it will appear, "that Mrs. Dickons is by no means to be ap-

" plauded as the *performer* of *Polly Peachum*; " however she may be admired as the *singer*. " She did not seem to understand her character " to be at all ludicrous, and dressed and spoke " it as seriously as a boy reads one of Martial's " Epigrams. But her music Mrs. Dickons " seemed to understand thoroughly; and her " style of singing, although it still wants some- " what of feeling, suits much better with those " strains of which flourishes are the dress, " than with those of which they are the " body."

The *Beggar's Opera* is one of those plays, on which, in our former numbers, we have spoken at greatest length; and we are always happy to seize every occasion of stating any thing that may tend to throw a light upon this very eminent production. The *Beggar's Opera* is an unique; it is a play which has attracted more audiences than ever graced the annals even of *Mother Goose* or Master Betty; it is a play which authors have copied for its wit, which statesmen have dreaded for its satire, and which foreigners have envied us for its music. It has shewn vice in its vulgarity, and exposed the folly of foppery; for highwaymen are exhibited with all the profligacy to which rank can aspire, and women of the town are seen in all the vanity which fashion itself can create.

Before we point out those instances in the foregoing criticism, which will convict the writer of ignorance on the subject of this particular play, we will say something on the question which he has agitated with regard to the style in which it ought to be acted. He is decidedly of opinion that the piece ought to be acted as a burlesque. Many persons on the other hand conceive, that as the species of opera which it was intended to ridicule, has now passed away from the public recollection, the *Beggar's Opera* ought to be acted as seriously as any other mixed drama, where a serious interest is occasionally relieved by scenes of witty dialogue. For our own part, we are inclined to think that if it could be *understood* as a burlesque, it ought to be *acted* as a burlesque; but as the burlesque would now be incomprehensible, and as the play nevertheless, even without its burlesque, has too much merit, both in the dialogue and in the music, to be consigned to the dusty shelves of the prompter, perhaps the best way of acting it, is that in which it is at present represented.

There is another reason which we will urge in favour of the present system of acting the *Beggar's Opera* in earnest; and that reason is the interest which in spite of two or three ludicrous expressions, the serious situations of the play do actually create. He must be strangely insensible, who feels no emotion at the pathetic duet, " *The Miser thus*," which announces the separation of *Polly* and *Macheath*: who does not recognize in his heart an interest for *Polly*, when *Lucy* insults her in the prison; who cannot accord a sentiment of pity and regret to the nervous and natural bursts of passion which swell the bosom of *Macheath* in the condemned hole. Nay, even when the piece was first performed, this genuine interest must have operated even amid all the relish of the burlesque, as we may judge from the anecdote related of Miss Fenton, the original *Polly*, who married the Duke of Bolton. This Miss Fenton, it is said, had been mistress to the Duke, and in consequence of some quarrel or disgust on the side of his Grace, had been dismissed by him; but unwilling to lose his affection, she bethought herself of one scheme, as a last resource, to work upon his feelings, and bind him to her once again. She dressed herself in the habit of his favourite *Polly*, and standing before him with all the grace and simplicity of the character, spread her arms and sang, " *O what pain it is to part!*" The stratagem had the desired effect; the heart of the Duke was melted in a moment, and he took her to himself, no longer to be his mistress, but the partner of his title, and the wife of his bosom. If there be any truth in these observations, (and we shall presently quote some instances from the play itself) we do not see that Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Dickons are to be decidedly blamed for *not employing an overstrained pathos*, or that the latter is to be accused of *not seeming to understand her character*. We think that there are faults in the performance both of Mr. Incledon and of Mrs. Dickons; but the fault of the gentleman is not the strength of his feeling, nor that of the lady the ignorance of her character. Mr. Incledon's defect is the inelegance of his manner; and Mrs. Dickons's demerit arises from her want of natural sweetness and interest. Certainly, if the piece ought to be acted as a burlesque, the introduction should not be omitted, as is now the case.

For now-a-days, although the audience cannot exactly see the whole of the ridicule intended, yet the frequent performance of the piece, and the attraction which, with every fresh fillip it still possesses, prove the total mistake of the critic, in declaring, that its " *zest is completely gone.*" A new *Macheath*, a new *Polly*, or even a new *Lucy*, if they possess any striking merit, are always sure to give a run to the *Beggar's*

Opera; while, if a St. Cecilia herself were to play *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*, she would find it difficult to carry the piece twelve nights. It is certainly true, that a great part of the original popularity of the piece was derived from the ridicule with which it attacked the fashionable operas; but that was merely the outside glitter of the play, for the attraction of the multitude; its real merits lie much deeper: and the principal intention of the piece was to ease the mind of the author, in giving vent to those political sentiments, which had been created in his bosom by his disappointments at court. These political sentiments are expressed with a wit, which, even if it had no assistances, must immortalize the play; but when, in conjunction with this political satire, we find a depth of observation on life and manners, expressed with a humour entirely original: when we observe, even in the burlesque poetry, a genius which shews how much it was capable of doing in earnest: when we remark the admirable contrast which is exhibited not only between the characters of different persons in the same situation, but even in the feelings of the same person in different situations: and when, lastly, we consider the exquisite melodies of the music, which was all selected by Gay himself, we cannot but pay the little tribute of our panegyric to so great a genius, and give it as our decided opinion, that the play ought never to be banished from our boards. At the same time, as there are two or three passages, which, however their sophistry may make them exquisite irony to cultivated minds, yet to ignorant persons, may appear like justifications of vice, we wish that our managers would strike out those passages, and save the play from the future chance of doing mischief. There is a story of a man who declared at the gallows, that he had been led to villainy by the *Beggar's Opera*. If this story be true, our managers have much to answer for in preserving the objectionable part.

We will now point out one or two of the most conspicuous beauties of the play, not with regard to its political satire, its general wit, or its poetical beauties, because these cannot escape the observation of the most superficial reader; nor with regard to its music, because upon paper we cannot very conveniently give our readers an opportunity of relishing melodies, which derive much of their merit from the accompaniments in the orchestra; but we will speak of that kind of excellence, which of all others is perhaps most peculiarly the talent of great critics, but which, of all others, is most apt to elude the eye of the common observer; we mean the accurate delineation and contradistinction of character: and this we do, not because it immediately proves any thing against the critic, of whom we are speaking, but because we may not have elsewhere an opportunity of expressing our sentiments at length, on a piece which is very generally and very justly, though not very discriminatingly, known.

The two characters between which lies the greatest force of contrast, are those of *Lucy* and *Polly*. Both love the same man, both have been ill treated by him: but the character of *Lucy* is violent and furious, that of *Polly* gentle and affectionate. *Lucy* has the manners of the vulgar herd, among whom she has lived; *Polly* has the style of the heroine, in the romances and plays that she has studied. The most remarkable instances of the excellence to which we now direct our attention, are to be found in the second act, when both these young women visit *Macheath* in prison, and are agitated by uncertainty as to his love, and by terror as to his fate. The speeches, the similes, the figures which they here employ, have a singular merit, and need only to be pointed out in order to be admired. In this scene *Polly* has borne with meekness much cruel usage from *Lucy*; and the following dialogue and duet then ensue:

Lucy ---"If you are determined, madam, to "raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be "obliged to send for the turnkey, to shew you "the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me "to be so ill bred.

Polly.---"Give me leave to tell you, madam, "these forward airs do not become you in the "least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges "me to stay with my husband, madam."

Lucy.---"Why, how now, madam flirt?
"If you thus must chatter,
"And are for flinging dirt,
"Let's see who best can spatter,
"Madam flirt!

Polly.---"Why, how now, saucy jade?
"Sure the wench is tipsy!
(To Macheath) "How can you see me made
"The scoff of such a gypsey?
"Saucy jade!"

Here *Polly*, provoked beyond endurance by the insolence of *Lucy*, turns sharply round to answer her, and for two lines keeps up her sudden spirit---but then, the natural gentleness of her character recurs, and instead of bullying, like *Lucy*, to the end of the verse, she

turns to *Macheath*, and appeals to him for protection against conduct so unusual. This is an exquisite touch of female tenderness.

Polly, at the end of the first act, and *Lucy* at the end of the second, part with *Macheath*; and the style of imagery employed in the lines sung by each of the three, is wonderfully elegant and appropriate. The parting of *Polly* is a duet, and that of *Lucy*, is a single song. They are as follows:

Duet.---POLLY *and* MACHEATH.-----*End of the First Act.*

MACHEATH.

" The miser thus a shilling sees,
" Which he's obliged to pay;
" With sighs resigns it by degrees,
" And fears 'tis gone for aye!"

POLLY.

" The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
" The bird in silence eyes;
" But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
" Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries!"

[*Exeunt.*

Here *Macheath*, who, in another place, speaks of his love for that "strong cordial, money," draws his imagery from his favourite topic: while *Polly*, who, through the whole play, talks of bees, butterflies, flowers, and swallows, is made, with an admirable simplicity, to compare herself to a child distressed for the loss of its sparrow.

Single Song.—LUCY.

" I, like the fox, shall grieve,
" Whose mate hath left her side;
" Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
" Chase o'er the country wide.
" Where can my lover hide,
" Where cheat the wary pack?
" If love be not his guide,
" He never will come back!"

Lucy, it will be observed, does not, like *Macheath*, think at all of money: nor like *Polly*, does she borrow her poetry from tender objects; but boldly builds her simile on the chace of a wild beast. What can be more appropriate?

One more parallel, and we have done. It shall be a parallel, not between different characters in the same situation, but between the expressions of the same character in different situations. *Macheath*, just released from the immediate apprehension of an arrest, sends for some loose women, and while he is waiting for them sings the following song to himself:

" When the heart of a man is depress'd with
" care,
" The mist is dispell'd if a woman appears;
" Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly,
" sweetly,
" Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.
" Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose;
" But her ripe lips are more sweet than those:
" Press her, caress her, with blisses, her
" kisses
" Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose!"

The women betray him---he is confined; and his solitary song in gaol expresses very different sentiments on the influence of the fair sex.

" Man may escape from rope and gun:
" Nay, some have outlived the doctor's pill!
" Who takes a woman must be undone!
" That basilisk is sure to kill!
" The fly that sips treacle is lost in the
" sweets:
" So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
" He that tastes woman, ruin meets."

This change of feeling is infinitely natural and characteristic.

So much for the play itself: that the writer in *The Times* criticised it either without reading it at all, or at least without reading it carefully, will appear from his mentioning the improbability of a highwayman being found in full dress, a highwayman's mistress with the manners of a lady, &c. For in the beginning of the play, *Peachum* and his wife relate that *Macheath* spent his time among lords and gentlemen, in gaming at the chocolate houses: this will sufficiently account for his being finely dressed in the third act; for *full dressed*, in point of fact, he never is, although the critic has made the assertion: and although the managers have omitted the scene of the gaming house, which precedes the last seizure of *Macheath*, a critic, who had studied the play, would have known, that the stage directions in the printed copy are precisely these: *Scene, a gaming house: Macheath in a fine tarnished coat, &c.*

Another instance illustrative of the care with which our critical Quixote peruses the plays that he writes about, is to be found in *The Times* of November 23, 1807. The play on the preceding evening had been *the Trip to Scarborough*, altered from *the Relapse of Vanbrugh*.

" Mr. Palmer, the *Lord Foppington*, indeed
" dressed himself like a beau of the time of Van-
" brugh, and, *for aught we know, spoke like one*
" *too*; but to cover one's self with silver lace,

" and to change all the *o's* in one's language to " *a's*, will not effect much now-a-days for the " humour, or the ridicule of *Lord Foppington*."

" *For aught we know*," indeed, for it should have been *known* to the critic, that the *o's* in the play itself are all written *a's:* and as to the dress, we cannot object to silver lace, in the costume of a beau who is supposed to have lived when silver lace was the fashion.

As to what he has said at last of Mrs. Dickons's singing, we shall only say, that it is the opinion of the best musical judges, that Mrs. Dickons's forte is flourish, and not simple melody; so that if the last sentence of the gentleman's criticism had been directly reversed, it would have been very near to the precise fact.

4th, General ignorance of character.—Of Mr. Kemble's *Lord Townly*, thus speaks the newspaper:

" We are very much surprised that Mr. " Kemble should so obstinately persist in the " personation of *Lord Townly*, in *the Provok'd* " *Husband*. His slow careful pronunciation " no more resembles the easy elegance of Cib- " ber's character, than those lessons in read- " ing, which in *our* spelling-books are divid- " ed into syllables, resemble the flowing print in " which any other book is published. All the " stiffness of Mr. Kemble's manner too is in this " character particularly prominent, and seems " every instant to cry out, with his own " Posthumus—This a lord ?"—*Times, October* 1, 1807.

This is, indeed, a precious piece of criticism! The author of it has evidently been infected by a notion which has gone abroad, that the character of *Lord Townly* ought to be played with a sort of mixed gaiety and gravity, an indefinable jumble of laugh and lecture. We know that the public may be easily led by newspapers, to believe any sort of impossibility in acting; but we think it disgraceful, that any man who pretends to be a critic, should teach the town to expect a conception of character, which, if he knows any thing of character at all, he must know to be as impossible, as for the same thing to be black and white at the same moment. That *Lord Townly* should be elegant is unquestionable; but the term *easy* elegance is much more applicable to the character of *Young Mirabel*, than of *Lord Townly*, who, throughout the play, is represented as a nobleman of the old school. His manner, therefore, should be the unrelaxed dignity of that school, and such is exactly the manner of Mr. Kemble. *This is a lord.* We wish any of the critics, who object to his performance, would give us an account of their own conception of the character. Perhaps, they would like to see it played like *Mr. Oakley*, in the *Jealous Wife*, or *Tom Shuffleton*, in *John Bull*. After these observations, we trust our readers will not be surprised at this *obstinacy* of Mr. Kemble, although they before might have been at a loss to account for that great actor's neglect of such a critic as the writer in *The Times! Query*, by that writer: had not *we* better have stuck a little longer to *our* spelling-books?

In speaking of Mrs. C. Kemble's " too vul- " gar " conception of *Paulina*, he has again shewn his ignorance of character; but as we have spoken at large of this performance in our theatrical criticism of this number, we shall not dilate upon it in this place.

5th, General ignorance of stage effect. We subjoin an extract from an essay on stage improprieties, which was published in *The Times*, of October 16th, 1807. It will speak pretty plainly for, or rather against, the judgment of its author:

" The first is the unnatural velocity with " which the operations of writing and reading " proceed on the stage. We have seen a per- " former dictate a letter and write it, with a " dispatch which the fleetest short-hand writer " might admire. The *consequence* is, that, " when a performer is not compelled to read a " letter aloud, he keeps pace with the quick- " ness with which it was written, by perusing " it with a mere glance. The meaning of a " letter seems to come intuitively to an actor. " Nothing can be more revolting than these " practices. Another absurd instance of over- " speed on the stage, is the too immediate " readiness with which every necessary *that is* " *wanted* in the play, is procured from the " side-scene. The third stage impropriety, " which we shall mention, is the instantane- " ous manner in which a door is opened after " an application to its knocker.

" All these faults originate in a desire to " avoid tediousness; but

" —— *Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia* " *dicit.*"

" What the audience wish the stage to do, is " not to avoid nature, *and our actors may rest* " *assured, that these perpetual deviations from* " *it, are much more wearisome than the time it* " *would take to read and write a letter, to fetch* " *a glass of wine from another room, or to* " *come to a street door from a kitchen.*"

While the stage was waiting for the actor to

write his letter, the spectators might amuse themselves with writing their own letters. To men of business, this custom would be productive of an agreeable variety; and to the treasury of the theatre it would be very advantageous, because, with the allowance of these epistolary intervals, the clerks from the city might come to the play on a foreign post night. Or perhaps this author may imagine that the actors are as clever fellows as himself, and might *write as much in a hurry* as he appears to do---aye, and perform all their other functions with a proportionate rapidity!

6th and 7th, Injustice and mistatement of Fact.---The same *criticism* affords a sample of both these merits. It is as follows:

"On Saturday evening Bickerstaff's *Lionel* "*and Clarissa* was revived for Miss Lyon; "Mr. Braham and that lady representing, not "personating, the characters of those *vocal* "*lovers.* We say not personating, since what "character their is in the parts of *Lionel and* "*Clarissa*, was not at all embodied by their "performance of Saturday evening, *so that we* "*had not the trouble of attending to any thing* "*but their music.*"

If he has had the trouble of attending to nothing but their music, how has he been able to judge of their acting? Now for the conclusion of the same critique, in which there is a mistatement of fact.

"Mr. Braham, indeed, *very wisely deter-*"*mined not to look like Lionel*, a man who is "represented as about to enter into holy "orders; for he appeared in a complete suit "of green. *From top to toe? my lord, from* "*head to foot.*"

Why a man should wear any particular colour, until he have actually entered into holy orders, we cannot tell; so that we do not pretend to penetrate the sneer at Mr. Braham's "*wise determination.*" But that Mr. Braham's dress was a complete suit of green, we deny; for it much more nearly approached to a grey, and might have been worn as an undress even by an ordained clergyman.

The next sentence of this same criticism is both *good-natured* and *elegant*:

"Mr. Braham was *happy* only in his first air, "and that did not belong to the piece. Miss "Lyon was *more vocally at home!!!*---*The* "*Times, Dec.* 14."

Before this gentleman attempts to inform the public, we advise him to inform himself; for abuse is not criticism, nor antithesis humour: bad plays cannot be properly exposed in bad English, nor bad actors cured by bad judges: good authors and good actors will seldom read such compositions as his, and if they do, we venture to tell him, for he loves a quotation, that they "will laugh at his malice, when they "can't at his wit."

LA BONNE BOUCHE.

THE TRANSLATOR'S APOLOGY.

D'Ablancourt was an admirable translator, his versions are free and masterly. He who reads the copy has the pleasure of relishing an original. This lively and elegant writer confined himself to translation, though he possessed talents which would have distinguished him as an original author. To one who asked him, why he, who wrote so well should prefer to be a translator rather than an author? he answered, "that the greater part of modern "works were only repetitions of the ancients: "and that, to be serviceable to his country, "it was better to translate *good* books, than "to make new ones, which in general convey "no new information." A criticism not less *just* than *severe.*

The reason which the learned Dr. Bentley gave his daughter for not himself becoming an original writer instead of wasting his talents on the works of authors, is, I have no doubt, the cause of many not attempting original composition. Dr. Bentley seemed embarrassed at her honest question, and remained for a considerable time thoughtful; at length he observed, "Child, I am sensible I have not always "turned my talents to the proper use for which "they were given to me; yet I have done some "thing: but the wit and genius of old authors "beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising "myself up to their standard upon fair ground, "I thought the only chance I had of looking "over their heads was to get upon their "shoulders."

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHN BOYS.

John Boys, D. D. Dean of Canterbury, 1629, educated at Clare-hall, Cambridge, was famous for his postils in defence of our liturgy, and was also much esteemed for his good life. He gained great applause by turning the Lord's

Prayer into the following execration, when he preached at St. Paul's Cross.

"Our Pope, which art in Rome, cursed be "thy name, perish may thy kingdom, hindered "may thy will be, as it is in heaven, so on "earth. Give us this day our cup in the "Lord's Supper, and remit our monies which "we have given for thy indulgencies, as we "send them back unto thee: and lead us not "into heresy, but free us from misery, for "thine is the infernal pitch and sulphur, for "ever and ever. Amen."

EQUITABLE SENTENCE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

When a list of criminals who had forfeited their lives for violating the laws of their country was once brought to the king to sign, he observed the name of a soldier convicted of sacrilege. "That a soldier of mine should be "guilty of so atrocious a crime" said the king, "astonishes and distresses me. I will not "however sign his death-warrant until I have "examined him in person." The man was accordingly brought into the royal presence, and two monks who were his accusers declared that he had come into their church, during the time they were celebrating mass, and placed himself under an image of the Virgin Mary, from whose shoes he had privately taken two pearl bows, and carried them out of the church: they pursued him, and found them in his pocket. The king, turning to the criminal desired to know what he had to say in his defence? It was simply this. That he was a disbanded soldier, and in great distress for a dinner; that he walked into the church yard, and earnestly prayed to the Virgin Mary that she would put him in the way of getting one; that she appeared to him, and told him she had heard his supplication and pitied his distress, to relieve which she begged him to accept of some pearls which were on the feet of her image in the neighbouring church; when the doors opened, he walked into the church, and took them out of her shoes with an intention of converting them into money. "This," said the king "alters the face of the business; but tell "me, most reverend fathers, for you undoubtedly know, is it according to your canons, *pos*-"*sible* that the Virgin could, to relieve distress "and preserve a life, appear to this poor man "in the way he describes?" "Undoubtedly, "my liege, she could; but it is not probable "that she did." "Is it *possible?*" "Certainly." "Very well. I will not let a "soldier of mine suffer death upon probabilities. He shall be discharged this time; "but observe, young man, what I say to "you; if at any future period, you dare to "accept a present from either devil, saint, or "angel, you shall most assuredly be hanged."

CONVEYANCE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

This little piece of antiquity has something in it very singular both as it is written in verse, (and therefore seems a relique of the ancient British Druids,) and affording a remarkable instance of the conciseness and simplicity of the Saxon Lawyers:

"Iche, Edward Koning,
"Have given of my forest the keeping,
"Of the hundred of Chelmer and Dancing,
"To Randolph Peperking, and to his kynd-
"ling;
"With heorte and hinde, doe and bocke,
"Hare and foxe, cat and brocke,
"Wild fowell with his flocke,
"Patrich, fesant-hen, and fesant-cocke;
"With green, and wild stob and stocke.
"To kepen and to yemen by all her might,
"Both by day and eke by night;
"And hounds for to hold,
"Good and swift and bold:
"Four greahounds, and six bracches,
"For hare and foxe and wild cattes;
"And therefore Ich made him my booke;
"Witness the bishop Wolston,
"And booke ylered many one;
"And Swein of Essex our brother,
"And teken him many other;
"And our Stiward Howelin
"That by sough me for him."

MEMORIAL OF SIR HUGH MIDDLETON.

The only memorial of this great and public-spirited citizen which I have seen, is a representation of his head as a sign to a public-house near Sadler's-Wells, and consequently near the New-river head. Such a benefactor to the city ought to have had a statue of Gold placed in the Royal Exchange. He was a native of Denbigh in North Wales, and a citizen and goldsmith of London. Though there were three acts of parliament empowering the freemen of London to cut through lands and bring a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire, the project had always been considered as impracticable till Sir Hugh Middleton undertook it. He made choice of two springs, one in the parish of Amwell in Hertfordshire; the other near Ware; each of them about twenty miles from town. Having

united their streams with immense labour and expense, he conveyed them to London. This most arduous and useful work was begun on the 20th of February 1608, and brought into the reservoir at Islington on Michaelmas day, 1613. Like many other projectors he ruined his private fortune by his public spirit. King James the First, however, created him a baronet, and his descendants, in lieu of a very considerable estate had the honour of being called Sirs. For the benefit of the poor members of the Goldsmith's company he left a share in his New-river water; and his portrait is still preserved in their hall. The seventy-two shares into which this great liquid property was divided, originally sold for one hundred pounds each, and for thirty years afforded scarcely any advantage to the proprietors. In the year 1780, shares were sold for nine and ten thousand pounds each; and their price encreasing in proportion to the increase of the dividends, by which their value is regulated.

EPIGRAM ON THE MONUMENT.

By the late Duke of Buckingham.

"Here stand I
"The Lord knows why;
"But if I fall
"Have at ye all."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FRANCIS'S HORACE, A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES,

In Four Volumes. By Edward Du Bois, Esq.

TO enter into a detailed panegyric of an author so well known and so justly admired as Horace, would be a task of little profit to the reviewer and of little entertainment to the public. For if ever there was a poet, whose works have obtained, both in his own lifetime and from posterity, praises equal to their desert, surely that poet has been Horace. It was his peculiar good fortune to live at a period when poetic merit is believed to have been most impartially and most liberally patronized: and it was his peculiar talent to write with felicity on almost every subject which the particular taste of his time could render acceptable to his cotemporaries, which the general feelings of human nature can make interesting to every age. That some of his writings are defiled by faults, cannot by impartial critics be denied. But the generality of his works possess so elegant a style of flattery, or so mellow a tone of feeling, or so strong a vein of sense, that we cannot but join in admiration of his genius and conspire in ranking him with those few transcendent names, which have arrived at the highest pitch of celebrity by conveying in poetical language instruction of perpetual applicability. That it should be difficult to translate an author so various and yet so masterly, who has written on every subject, and on every subject written well, can hardly be matter of surprise; and if Dr. Francis has sometimes failed in conveying the sweetness of the original poems, we must remember that he has been exceedingly faithful in rendering their sense: we must not condemn him for not having done all, when he deserves to be praised for having done so much. On the whole, his translation has been the most approved; and it is almost hopeless to see a perfect, poetical version of an author, who scarcely ever writes two poems successively in the same style. A translator, therefore, as Mr. Du Bois has observed in his own prefatory introduction, "must alter his pace and regulate his steps by "new measures, according to the perpetual "inequality of the ground over which he has "to travel—if he attempts to move rapidly up "hill, he breaks his wind;—if down hill, he "breaks his neck."

The Booksellers having determined to publish an edition of Horace with a poetical translation, were therefore exceedingly judicious in selecting the edition of Dr. Francis; and having determined to render that edition as classically correct as possible, they shewed equal prudence in requesting the assistance of a scholar so profound and so acute as Mr. Du Bois. We have perused with pleasure many lighter works of this gentleman: and his Greek selections, which were published under

the title of *The Wreath*, combine with the present publication to prove, that he possesses not only the wit to amuse, but the learning to instruct.

We shall point out two or three of the instances in which the new matter that has been added by Mr. Du Bois is most remarkable, either for the verbal correctness of passages, where synonymous meanings with different expressions have been subjects of previous dispute, or for the new and striking mode in which he has reasoned on doubtful interpretations.

As this edition has already excited much attention in the learned world, it of course has happened, that several of its readings and of its notes, have been questioned by men of a turn for classical controversy. Among other passages that have come into dispute, has been the line in the 16th ode of the third book:

"Quam si quicquid arat non piger Appulus."

Mr. Du Bois in his note says, "*Impiger* "*Appulus is certainly the true reading.*" Sir Philip Francis, the son of the translator, is of opinion that as the latter syllable of the word *arat*, is short, Horace for the sake of the quantity, introduced the comparatively bald epithet, *non piger*: so as to make that latter syllable, which is naturally short, long by position. But it should be recollected, that though in his Satires and Epistles, where strength and sound sense were the principal objects, Horace was little attentive to the avoidance of bald expressions, and allowed his Muse to march "*sermone pedestri*," yet in his odes he has attended as much as any poet, ancient or modern, to the aptitude and beauty of his expressions: and indeed those expressions are in many instances so exquisitely turned, that it is impossible even in prose to give an adequate idea of their full force and feeling. It is probable then that Horace, rather than write badly, as to sense, would write carelessly as to prosody: for after all, the fault will be no greater than a bad rhyme is in our language: and it must be observed, that the short syllable, though its place ought strictly to have been occupied by a long one, comes with its greatest power when it falls, as in this case, on the last space in the former hemimeris of the verse, where the rhythmic cadence is almost as strong as even on the last space in the latter hemimeris, and where a new bar begins with the next word. And we are the more inclined to believe, that Horace would not be peculiarly scrupulous as to this little inaccuracy, because we find that in passages concerning which there has been no doubt at all, the same inaccuracy has been admitted. For example, in Ovid:

"Ut *rediit animus*, pariter rediere labores."

And in Horace himself,

"*Perrupit Acheronta* Herculeus labor."

The best authorities too are in favour of Mr. Du Bois's reading. Wakefield has adopted it without thinking it necessary even to write a note in its favour: and Bentley says, "Mem- "branæ omnes, et meæ, et aliorum, *impiger*: "quod omnino retinendum." In this chorus of "*Omnino retinendum*," with all due deference to so accomplished a scholar as Sir Philip Francis, we cannot help thinking that most readers will join.

There is a line in the second satire of the first book in which Dr. Francis's reading is, in our opinion, corrected with judgment equally sound. Horace has been advising men, in their amours, not to amuse themselves with what are called *modest* women, that is with women who are drest and received like modest women, but rather to unbend with ladies of a more candid description, whose attire and whose manners serve as an advertisement to their profession. The poet reasons thus: These women have no sort of disguise; you are not left to conjecture from a pretty face that there may be a pretty leg below: but as every thing is revealed, the beauties of some parts can never cheat you into a forgetfulness of the possible defects in other limbs. Thus when great men go to buy horses, the most beautiful animals in the stud are presented to them; but lest the fine shape of the head or haunches should deceive these noble purchasers as to the material qualities of the feet, body-clothes, as we find from Seneca and from Apuleius, who are both quoted on this subject by Bentley, were placed during the inspection on the most graceful parts of very fine horses; although in ordinary cases, this precaution was not employed. If, therefore, you would judge a woman rightly, never mind the mere beauties of her countenance, but rather wish her face covered, and her limbs visible, than, as in the case of these modest women, allow yourself to suppose that because you see a beautiful face, the parts which you do not see are correspondingly beautiful. This we take to be the drift of Horace's reasoning and illustration: we subjoin the passage as Mr. Du Bois proposes to have it read, according to the interpretation which we have now stated:

Togata, which is the name by which from their custom of wearing a dress like the *toga*, or gown of the men, it was usual to call a lady of easy virtue, togata, says Horace, as Mr. Du Bois reads him.

Mercem sine fucis gestat; apertè
Quod venale habet, ostendit; nec si quid honesti est,
Jactat, habetque palam, quærit quo turpia celet.
Regibus hic mos est; ubi equos mercantur, *opertos*
Inspiciunt; ne, si facies (ut sæpe) decora
Molli fulta pede est, captorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix,
Hoc illi rectè.

But instead of opertos, that is, covered in these beautiful but useless parts, Dr. Francis reads and (we think with Mr. Du Bois, that the reading is incorrect) *apertos*, open, uncovered. How could the want of body-clothes prevent the purchaser from being dazzled by the striking beauties, and cheated as to the feet? And if the word apertos is supposed to signify the removal not so much of the body-clothes, as of coverings from the feet, we cannot suppose that the custom would be confined to great men, *Regibus*: for the commonest persons would hardly buy the commonest horses without taking care to have every covering taken from the feet. At best the illustration is a little unfitting: for, though like the jockey who doubts whether beauty be accompanied by utility, the lover is advised to doubt whether loveliness in the parts visible be attended by loveliness in the parts concealed; yet, as Dr. Parr most accurately observes, in a letter which Mr. Du Bois has introduced into his note, "The circumstance of covering the *clunes* "*et cervicem* belongs only to the horse pur- "chaser, and has no direct counterpart in the "case of the lover. It forms a peculiar part "of the caution, but it is only the general "example of caution which the lover is to "imitate." In short, the illustration which Horace has chosen, from this very want of counterpart which Dr. Parr has mentioned, reminds us a little of a passage in Congreve's Double Dealer, where Lady Froth reads to Brisk some of her verses, in which she has made a simile between John, her own coachman, and the Sun, the charioteer of heaven: and when Brisk observes that a part of this simile will not exactly apply to the Sun, Lady Froth, in the true spirit of an authoress, answers, "No, for the Sun it won't, but it will "do for the coachman!"

There is, however, one interpretation in this volume, which we must beg to declare unsatisfactory to our minds. Mr. Du Bois does not claim the credit of originality in this interpretation: but by defending it he has in some degree made it his own. It is of the phrase, *quem vocas*, in the 20th ode of the second book. The ode itself is as follows:

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates: neque in terris morabor
Longius; Invidiâque major.

Urbes relinquam. Non ego pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, *quem vocas*,
Dilecte Mæcenas, obibo,
Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

Jam jam residunt crusibus asperæ
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
Superne, nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

Jam, Dædaleo cajor Icaro,
Visam gementis littora Bospori,
Syrtesque Gætulas, canorus
Ales, Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colchus, et qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis, Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni: me peritus
Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.

Absint inani funere næniæ,
Luctûsque turpes: et querimoniæ
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores!

Of the phrase, *quem vocas*, which some have erroneously read, *quem vocant*, Mr. Du Bois thus speaks:

"Quem *vocas* is the true reading, confirmed "not only by the new and sensible interpreta- "tion about to be given, but by the authority "of all the MSS. The Critics have blunder- "ed exceedingly at this passage, and we owe "what appears to be the natural and clear "construing of the words to the late Mr. "Joseph Fowke, of Calcutta, whose judgment "Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mr. Gilbert Wake- "field, on mature consideration, admitted to "be just."

The poet supposes himself changed into a bird, and mounting into the skies, *Cycnum in altos nubium tractûs*, with Mæcenas anxiously

looking up and calling after him: "whom "you call," qui vous rappellez.

Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostrô.
Quem fugis?---*Æn. lib.* vi.

There can be no better illustration of "*quem vocas.*" Joseph Fowke told Mr. Francis that he had mentioned this criticism many years ago to Samuel Johnson, who after rolling himself about *suo more*, said, "Sir, you are right!" Several years afterwards, Mr. Francis asked Mr. G. Wakefield his opinion of the passage, which then ran with that of most other commentators, in favour of "*quem vocas dilecte*," i. e. tibi dilectum, but with which neither he, nor any man of sense or Latin scholar, could be well pleased. After weighing Mr. Fowke's ingenious interpretation, he said, hastily, as if conviction had suddenly flushed on his mind, "that there would be no doubt of it."

If we may be allowed, without incurring the charge of presumption, to entertain any *doubt* after these decisions, we shall confess that our own feeling of the passage does not agree, either with the old interpretation *quem vocas tibé dilectum*, or with the new one, *quem revocas.* And as we are inclined to think that neither Mr. Fowke, nor the band of learned commentators who have written upon this subject, have hit the true sense of the passage, we will take the liberty of stating the mode in which, upon reflection, we venture to interpret it.

I shall be furnished with wings and fly from envy and the world, says Horace, *I will not be always the mere descendant of humble ancestors; I will not, continuing the man you call me, die and be confined within the bounds that are washed by Styx.* We do not mean thus to agree with some persons who have construed the passage thus: *Dilecte Mæcenas, non ego obibo, quem vocas sanguis parentum pauperum:* and this we dislike, not only for the reason commonly assigned, that to reproach his friends with baseness of retraction, must be foreign to the noble character of Mæcenes; but because for such a sense, the grammar would require the accusative instead of the nominative, and the words must be *quem vocas sanguinem*, which is not the text, and would not be verse. No: we mean simply, I shall be a bird, and not the man whom you take me for: *non ego ille quem vocas, obibo:* That is, *the same I:* as Virgil has said,

Ille ego, qui quondam, &c.

We repeat that it is not without some degree of alarm that we suggest this interpretation to the public: but where so many great men have failed, it will not be utterly disgraceful to us to have been unsuccessful; and if in such an attempt a critic has fallen,

——— *magnis tamen excidit ausis!*

At last, where we find so much that must on all hands be allowed to merit decided praise, we can conclude only that Mr. Du Bois, by this edition, has performed a service not merely to Horace, but to literature in general. He has displayed a vigorous mind in his conjectures and emendations, and has not disdained to employ a most scrupulous diligence in the more mechanical operations of the press.

AFFECTION, WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY HENRY SMITHERS.

IT is a complaint which we have not unfrequently heard that all the nobler topics of poetry are exhausted, that the fortunate geniuses of former periods have occupied all the richer and more extensive fields, and have left to future generations only to till where they have tilled, or to cultivate the obscure and neglected outskirts. To depress the aspiring efforts of genius effectually, it has even been stated that there are only three departments which can afford proper topics for an Epic poem---those of politics, morals, and religion; and that these three have already been occupied by Homer, Virgil, and Milton. Similar disheartening opinions have been given with respect to almost every other class of subjects, on which the muse can exercise her powers: and from these gloomy suggestions we might be led to conclude, that the night of poetry had begun, when the dawn of civilisation arose. But such desponding views have been conceived only by narrow minded critics, who, awed and

astonished by the sublime productions of some of our greatest poets, have been led by their amazement to imagine that human genius could never again soar to the same transcendant height; or by poets of limited abilities, who have endeavoured to paliate their own mediocrity, by alleging that no original subject was left to them which could have called forth any more conspicuous display of genius.

These complaints were heard both in Greece and in Rome, and re-echoed throughout Europe at the very commencement of the revival of letters; though, since that period, numerous efforts of poetry have been produced, which rival the ancients in their own favourite departments, and which, subject to the dominion of the muse new regions as fair and fertile as any which have formerly been cultivated. In the highest species of poetry, Milton yields not either to Homer or to Virgil; in tragedy and comedy, Shakespeare, Otway, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, and various other writers, both in France and in England, have produced pieces which far excel the imitations of Rome, and even the originals of Greece. Almost in our own times. Thomson has acquired immortality by his vivid descriptions of those scenes of nature, which former ages indeed observed, but never invested in the drapery of the muse; while Cowper has given a true poetical garb to the simple pleasures and business of domestic life.

In our own times a new field of poetry has been cultivated, which promises to yield fruits not less noble than any which have hitherto been gathered. The powers of the human mind, the feelings which accompany them, the objects which they embrace, and their wonderful modes of operation, have, at length, attracted the notice of the muse, and furnished her with the means of entwining never-fading wreathes around the brows of her votaries. *The Essay on Man*, though itself founded on false and pernicious theory, turned the attention of men to the operations of the human mind, and showed how well their delineation might be accompanied with the most beautiful effusions of poetry. The suggestions of Addison and his inimitable essays on the imagination, pointed out to Akenside the path by which he might ascend to a high poetical reputation; and the conspicuous success of his efforts has rendered the human mind a favourite subject for the embellishments of fancy. The Pleasures of Imagination have suggested the Pleasures of Memory, and the Pleasures of Hope; all of them have deservedly become favourites with the public: and still many conspicuous and agreeable operations of the mind remain to furnish the ground-work of fame to future poets.

It is to this field of reputation, that the author of the performance now before us has directed his attention. He has chosen for his subject those benevolent workings of the mind, which induce one creature to benefit another; and these he classes under the general appellation of affection. The term is vague, but this is the fault, not of the author, but of the language: the word is taken in a well-known and popular sense, nor has science yet substituted in its room a more accurate appellation of this class of operations.

The arrangement which Mr. Smithers has adopted is new, and displays no small share of ingenuity. He sets out with tracing the universal diffusion of affection throughout all the works of nature. He discovers traces of it impressed even on the inanimate creation; or the woodbine, whose slender shoots entwine every surrounding plant, on the ivy which embraces and clothes with its verdure the oak of the forest. Ascending from hence, he finds the workings of affection strongly marked in the various tribes of the brute creation. The feathered race, attracted by a strong instinctive power, at one season mate together to rear their callow brood, at another unite in flocks to carrol their harmonious warblings; while the plaintive notes of the nightingale, robbed of her unfledged young, bespeaks the feelings of maternal tenderness. The horse learns to know his rider, and to gladden at the sound of his well-known voice; while the dog, in a thousand instances, proves himself the faithful servant, and affectionate friend of man. Even the wild beasts of the desert, however fierce and untameable, still discover powerful symptoms of a tenderness adapted to their condition. The rugged bear, amidst the snows of Greenland, glows with a strong affection towards her cubs, and continues, for successive days, to howl over their dead bodies, when they have fallen victims to the huntsmen. The elephant, though so unwieldy in form, and so fierce in his passions, has been known to be subdued and softened amidst his most outrageous fury, by the innocent looks and helpless condition of an infant left at his mercy.

But it is in man that the author finds affection diversified, through the most numerous modifications, and applied to the noblest ends. Neither climate nor condition can eradicate this noble principle from the human mind. The

savage of Aveyron, the simple native of Pelew, the sooty African, amidst his burning suns, betray the warmest feelings of generous attachment. The poet then proceeds to describe the various modification, under which affection displays itself in the human race; in the father, the son, the husband, and the patriot.

In the second part, the author rises from delineating the appearances of affection in man, to describe the benevolent attributes of the Deity. In the works of creation, of providence, and of redemption, he finds ample room for all the energy of his muse; and he concludes with the anticipation of those glorious scenes, which are prepared for mankind in a future world.

Such is the analysis of the poem of affection; and we now proceed to give our readers a more distinct idea of its merits. The poet thus exemplifies the pleasure we derive even from inanimate objects, from the mere recollection of their association with former displays of affection.

"E'en things inanimate have power to charm,
"Recalling to the heart affection's sweets:
"How beats the bosom at the sight of home,
"That home, by time and absence long en-
"dear'd.
"And if perchance our early days were spent,
"Amidst the calm of happy rural scenes,
"What joy to find again some favorite tree,
"Beneath whose branching shade we lost fa-
"tigue,
"Or sportive passed youth's buoyant hours
"away,
"Nor fear'd the clouds or storms of future life:
"What leads the mariner, who wings his way
"Through every sea that laves this nether
"globe,
"To seek his wealth 'mid elemental strife?
"What but the hope that fortune once at-
"tain'd;
"At home delighted he may rest at last?"

But it is in describing the pleasures of domestic life, and the joys of a happy family, that the author seems to luxuriate. We are happy to inform our readers that he speaks from his own experience; and they will readily perceive that his descriptions of this sort are the real overflowings of his heart.

"Ye rich, ye gay, ye votaries of joy,
"Who pleasure seek in every varied form,
"And, ever seeking, run the countless round
"Unsatisfied, approach this clearer spring;
"O dare to taste delights, and tasting, to par-
"take
"The true delights of sweet domestic bliss:
"Where eye meets eye, with pleasure ever
"new.
"Nor disregard, ye parents, when I say
"If you would see your race around you blest,
"Welcome with open arms each loved return,
"And climb about you with sincere embrace,
"From tried experience, I advise you well,
"Make home delightful; and your cheerful
"hearth
"The scene of all your best, your richest joys:
"With books well suited to the several tastes
"To entertain, and cultivate the mind:
"Nor think it takes from manly dignity
"To join your offspring in each varied sport
"Of childhood or of youth; so shall you find
"Affection grow, progressive with their years."

The author again recurs to this favorite topic in still more feeling strains:

"And ask of sick-beds whence, and what
"their joys?
"Nor deem disease an ever-joyless state:
"No: the attentions which the heart inspires
"From those we love, by mutual love en-
"dear'd,
"Who bending o'er a couch, with anxious
"care
"Watch every look, and would prevent each
"wish;
"Can brighten all the languors of disease,
"Smooth the tired pillow of declining age,
"And death itself of half its sting disarm.
"And when enfolded in the circling arms
"Of a loved child, where nature sympathise,
"And fond caresses urge the close embrace,
"How hath my happy bosom felt the swell
"Of sacred rapture; and the ecstatic thrill
"Fleet through my veins, with much soft ra-
"vishment.
"That I have almost seem'd to taste and know
"Heavenly delight, though habitant of earth.
"Thus soothed, I have to pleasing slumbers
"sunk,
"Fearful lest life's realities should break
"Such dear delight, such welcomed sweet illu-
"sion,
"And thus when travelling my onward road,
"Amidst the tangles and the hidden paths
"Of mazy life, no flower has more beguiled
"My weary way, or charm'd my ruffled sense
"To a forgetfulness of anxious care,
"Than the simplicity and joyous sports
"Of happy youth: oft have I join'd with
"them
"In every infantine or boyish play,
"Seeming to live my childhood o'er again."

These extracts will suffice to give our readers

an idea of the author's style and manner. We must here remark that the arrangement of the latter half of the first part is by no means so accurate or pleasing as at the commencement. While the author describes the influence of affection, ascending through the scale of nature, the progressive order of the poem is very distinct and pleasing; but when he arrives at man, and begins to describe his various displays of affection, he no longer confines himself to any systematic order, and the succeeding paragraphs frequently discover a distressing want of connection.

From the second part, our limits do not allow us to make any extracts. This part of the poem seems a favourite with the author, for his language here is particularly glowing; but its imagery is not equal to that of the first part. The author's sentiments on religion are marked by uncommon liberality.

From the smaller poems, which conclude the volume, we are enabled to extract one little piece of particular merit:

ON ADVERSITY.

" Misfortune's hand may tear away my
" wealth;
" Despoil my fields, and lay my garden waste,
" Yet not bereave me of loved nature's
" charms;
" The verdant meads, the yellow waving corn,
" The new mown hay, the melody of birds,
" The pomp of groves, the sweets of early
" morn,
" The rural walk at eve, or the more calm
" And solemn hour of night: she cannot hide
" Spring's early blossoms, summer's gay at-
" tire,
" Or autumn's richer hues: she cannot hide
" The moon's mild radiance, or the brighter
" beams
" Of yonder setting sun: she cannot veil
" The spangled firmament, through which the
" mind,
" Upborn on meditation's wing, will soar,
" Sublime, to untold worlds—to nature's God:
" She cannot rob me of my hopes of heaven."

The rest of the smaller pieces are not of equal merit, and some of them might, with much propriety, be omitted. The following little ode, however, affords a favourable specimen of the author's powers in the composition of lyrical rhymes:

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

" Sleep on, dear babe—with joy I trace
" That smile upon thy infant face,
" And in a parent's loved embrace
" Enfold thee round;
" Nor let the fond endearment chace
" Thy slumbers sound.

" May Heaven its choicest influence shed,
" Cherub, on thee! O may it spread
" With flowers the path which thou may'st
tread,
" E'en to the tomb;
" And virtues laurel, on thy head,
" For ever bloom.

" Whilst thus for thee the anxious prayer
" To Heaven is raised, that it may spare
" Thy youthful heart from every snare,
" Of weal, or woe,
" O cherish for this guardian care
" A grateful glow.

" Thy filial love my life shall cheer,
" And o'er my dark funereal bier,
" Say, wilt thou drop the bitter tear,
" Vain though it be,
" To all I wish my memory dear,
" But most to thee."

The embellishments which accompany this work are elegantly executed, and do credit to the artists. They are, with one exception, designed by Masoprerier; and the engravings are executed by Freeman and Schiavonetti. The vignette prefixed to the first part of *Affection*, and representing a child playing with two dogs, is peculiarly happy.

As an apology for the defects which may appear in this work, the author informs us in his preface, that he has, through life, been constantly engaged in business, and has only applied, to the cultivation of poetry, those hours which so many devote to the dissipation of the table or the gaming-house. When the source of the work before us is so honourable to the author's taste and moral feelings, we should readily excuse much greater defects than we have observed in its execution. We sincerely wish that many more men of business, influenced by his example, would devote to the cultivation of their understandings and imaginations, those hours of leisure which they so often abuse in gross debaucheries, to the ruin of their character and happiness.

Mr. Smithers cannot be considered as a very cultivated or correct poet, but he is possessed of fancy, and of sensibility in an eminent degree. His imperfections may be remedied by farther study, and his genius add to the poetical reputation of our age.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE UNFORTUNATE MOTHER.

O! SLEEP, my helpless infant sleep!
Thy cries distract my wounded heart,
For oh! too long to watch and weep,
Has been thy wretched mother's part.
When first thy father's well-feign'd love
Had learnt my yielding heart to move,
He look'd amidst each faithless vow---
He look'd---as innocent as THOU;
I thought he ne'er could prove unkind,
But men are false, and vows are wind—
O sleep!

Oft, when awake, thy beauteous smile
Can the long tedious hours beguile;
And such, to win my youthful heart,
Was once thy treacherous father's art!
The fatal tale I need not tell,
He knew, and us'd, his power too well—
Sleep, then,

Expos'd to shame, expos'd to scorn,
He leaves me, wretched and forlorn:
How truly once, I lov'd his name,
Witness, ye powers who fed the flame.
Oft as that name I now repeat,
My heart yet feels its wonted heat—
Oh! sleep!

Yes---in thy infant form I trace
Thy father's looks---thy father's grace.---
Thy voice shall breathe his melting tone,
His manly strength shall be thy own:
Each charm shall one day grace my son,
But never act as he has done—
Oh! sleep!

With playful smile and heedless eye,
Thou see'st me weep, and hear'st me sigh;
And long may'st thou, my child, remain
Unconscious of thy mother's pain.
Forgetfulness from those we love,
Is the last pang the heart can prove—
O! sleep!

Forlorn, abandon'd, and distrest,
What flatt'ring hope can soothe the breast?
Can she thy father gave to grief,
Beg from a stranger's hand relief?
Ah! no---the evils I endure,
Thy tenderness alone can cure—
O sleep!

Then be it so---my child shall join
His wants---his sighs---his tears to mine;
Ill-fated victims, we will rove,
To faithless vows and slighted love;
My cares thy youth shall long engage,
And thou shalt sooth my sinking age—
O sleep! my helpless infant, sleep!
Thy cries distract my wounded heart;
For ah! too long to watch and weep,
Has been thy wretched mother's part.

PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY;

OR, THE ANTIQUITY OF LIGHT CLOTHING.

AN old maiden aunt, whose locks white as snow,
Proclaim'd she was young---some score years ago;
With significant nods and remarks very shrewd,
Thus accosted her niece, a gay, volatile *nude*:
" How degenerate the times---*I* remember the
" days
" When ladies wore *handkerchiefs*, *aprons*, and
" *stays*;
" When a good pair of pockets were thought
" no disgrace,
" And nobody dreamt of your muslins and lace:
" *Then* virtue received an indelible speck,
" If a female display'd but the top of her
" neck:
" But *now* you all shew what was meant to be
" hid.
" Pray, why cant you dress as your grandmo-
" thers did?"---
" Dear aunt, so I do---why don't you per-
" ceive,
" We follow the fashion of grandmother Eve;
" If your argument's good, we can never be
" blamed,
" Like her, we go naked———
" Aunt---And are not asham'd." *J. S.*

ODE TO PITY.

———*miseris succurrere disco.*
VIRGIL.

O PITY, gentle as the dove!
Blest attribute of Heaven above,
Attend the poet's prayer:
Of human passions purest, best,
Sweet inmate of the female breast,
Thou rul'st unbounded there!

Thy voice the drooping heart can cheer,
Thy hand can dry Affliction's tear,

And smooth the couch of pain!
The woes of bitter grief assuage,
Indulge the wants of peevish age,
And ease the captive's chain.

Cold-hearted mortal! turn your eyes
Where yonder trembling victim lies,
And feebly gasps for breath.
You ask, can ought his pains allay?
Can ought illume his dreary way,
And sooth the pains of death?

Yes! there, by firm Affection led,
Shall Pity watch the dying bed,
Her life's last comfort cease.
Each hope revive, each fear controul,
Speak mercy to the parting soul,
And softly whisper peace.

What brighter pearl can beauty wear?
Can all the gems that deck the fair,
More *glitt'ring* charms impart,
Than Pity's tear, that silent flows,
Unfeign'd, uncheck'd, for others' woes---
The language of the heart.

Come, then, sweet maid, thy pow'r I hail,
Pure as the breath of vernal gale,
And grateful as the dew;
If e'er this hard, unfeeling breast
Expels the sweet celestial guest,
May dire remorse pursue.

If e'er to avarice a prey,
This sordid heart rejects thy sway,
And scorns thy power divine.
When prest with poverty or pain,
Then let me sue, but sue in vain,
And, unlamented pine. *J. S.*

ON WEALTH.

IMITATION OF BURNS.

THO' some may say (whose low estate
Precludes the hope of being great,)
They neither wish for wealth or state,
Nor care about it;
I envy not the humbler fate
Of those without it.

For what is life without the gold,
By which each good is bought and sold;
The grand pursuit of young and old,
Of rich and poor?
For those possessing wealth untold,
Still covet more.

'Tis well, that some 'gainst money rail,
And argue roundly, "tooth and nail."
That if the wealthy do but ail,
'Tis all in vain;
Their riches cannot aught avail
To ease their pain.

Such arguments are out of place,
And come with but a sorry grace,
From those who wealthy grow apace,
And rais'd on high;
Fear others may usurp the place
They occupy.

Ask him who pines in sad distress,
Whom fortune never deign'd to bless,
But care and poverty oppress.
If wealth's a blessing,
I warrant he will tell you---yes,
Well worth possessing.

Nor can it be, I think, denied,
By those to *Charity* allied;
That wealth, if properly applied,
Much good produces;
For 'tis abundantly supplied
For various uses.

The man who feels another's woes;
Whose heart with kindness overflows;
Who, with a liberal hand bestows
His well-spent treasure,
Will tell you---*nothing else he knows,*
Yields such a pleasure.

G. R. Robinson.

TO MARIA.

MARIA, hast thou quite forgot
Thy fond, thy faithful lover?
No stain my constant faith can blot,
No time a change discover.

Hast thou forgot those happy days,
While fortune yet befriended,
When watching near thy 'customed ways,
I still thy steps attended?

In blue pelisse and neat attire,
To early market going,
How didst thou wake my warm desire,
How set my heart a glowing!

Though fortune then began to frown,
Though clouds of sorrow thicken'd;
Thy smiles still kept my anguish down,
My drooping soul they quicken'd.

When I have watch'd her iv'ry arms,
The curtains draw at morning;
Or, round her neck, Paulina's charms,
Her riper years adorning;

O how my ardent bosom beat,
How wish'd for wealth and honour,
My lov'd Maria's hopes to meet,
And show'r them all upon her!

But now those happy days are fled,
And all my hours are sorrow;
In tears I seek my sleepless bed,
And hail with sighs the morrow.

And oft St. Paul with midnight bell,
In solemn tone and dreary,
Sounds in my ears with saddening knell,
The hours so long and weary.

But fortune now may cease to frown,
Less boding fears distress me;
Now better prospects soon may crown,
And happier hopes may bless me.

And say, Maria, say, wilt thou,
As when my words first moved thee,
The ardent vows and prayers allow
Of him who still has loved thee;

Of him who thinks all worldly stores
Are only then a blessing,
When shower'd on her whom he adores,
When *her* with them possessing.

FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy.---On Thursday evening, December 10, a Board was held of the President and Royal Academicians in the Council Room, Somerset House, for the distribution of prizes.

At nine o'clock the ballot for the adjudication of premiums was closed, and the Students were called in.

The President presented to Mr. Lascelles a gold medal for his *Judgment of Solomon*, which was decided to be the best essay in Historical Painting. A gold medal was then presented to Mr. C. A. Busby, for his production in *Architectural Design.*

Several other premiums were voted for *Landscape* and *Academic Figures.*

After the presentation of the different rewards of merit, the President, addressing himself to the Gentlemen Students, declared briefly that he felt the utmost pleasure in observing the progress which was daily making in the English School of Arts; and he was particularly happy to observe, that, on the present occasion, so many youthful candidates had been adjudged worthy of the prizes in different departments. He had intended to deliver a formal discourse this evening; but, on account of the elections for officers, and other business, which at present occupied a considerable portion of time, and created a good deal of anxiety, he would postpone the delivery of his discourse until some future period, when it could be done with a greater degree of convenience. However, he could not suffer the Students to depart from that room, without making two or three observations to them.

In the first place, it was his peculiar wish to direct the attention of the young Artists to a proper consideration of the extreme value of character in all their productions, whether in Architecture or in Painting. The next thing that he would desire to be particularly impressed upon their minds, was the necessity of understanding the different proportions of the human figure. In order to accomplish this object he would recommend to them not to run too hastily to the living figure. It was by progressive study that Michael Angelo and Raphael attained their transcendant reputation, which they long have borne, and ever will be honoured with, as the most pre-eminent not only for proportion and character, but for the most refined touches of beautiful expression in all their productions. It was by progressive study also that Titian was able to delight the admiring scientific eye with the beauty of his lively tints. There were many others that he could notice, but he should reserve his observations at length to a future occasion. Indeed those young gentlemen, of undoubted genius, to whom he was addressing himself, must see that unless a correct proportion was observed through all its parts, the finest painting that ever could be produced, as far as colouring, &c. extended, would have no merit hardly in a scientific mind; it would be a mockery of refined feelings to praise or value productions that were deficient in the points to which he particularly desired the students to direct their attention. As a jargon of sounds unaccompanied with reason, from the human voice, was grating to the learned ear; as a greatly diversified number of sweetly sounding tones produced by the hand of a most able master, if he drew forth such notes each independent of the other, without due proportion or character throughout the whole, must be offensive to the chaste ear of those who were most capable of judging of excellence in that art; so the want of sufficient attention to those points would mar the endea-

vours and spoil the productions of those who were the most skilful artists in other respects. The Greeks were formerly distinguished for their excellence in architectural design and in statuary---he would recommend the students to consider therein the Greek and Roman artists in those two branches as their chief models. In particular, there were the figures of Hercules, Apollo, and Venus, which he hoped the Students would exert themselves to imitate, and if possible to equal. For want of a due attention to the taste and uniformity of architectural designs, many of our public edifices exhibited a lamentable proof of the degraded state of that branch of refined art. However, he would not say that he was without his hopes that we may shortly advance in that department, as we have already advanced in others. In painting, he would advise those Students whose object it was to attain to the highest pitch of excellence in delineating the human figure, to take a *Moses*, by Michael Angelo, and many of the CARTOONS of RAPHAEL, as their models.

Upon the whole he must observe, as one general rule, that, if the ingenious artist will study nature in all her various forms, there can be no doubt, but that a correct idea of the truth will be impressed upon his mind. That must be the very basis upon which all their practice is founded. He concluded with wishing, that a blessing might attend all their future exertions.---The Meeting then adjourned.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

DRURY-LANE Theatre has for several weeks been a little unfortunate in its receipts: for there has been little of novelty, and *Ella Rosenberg*, which at first was attractive, has now run itself out of almost all its force. We now announce to the public a projected alteration which is likely to take place in the direction of this theatre; and we have received our information from a gentleman whose authority, though not official nor immediate, is yet of so considerable a weight, that we should think ourselves guilty of an injustice to our readers, in withholding his intelligence. Mr. Sheridan, who, as is well known, has involved himself in many difficulties by his theatrical speculations, has now, we are assured, made up his determination to dispose of his share in the property of Drury-lane, and has actually entered into a negociation with two gentlemen, who have been bidding against each other. One of them is Mr. Jones, long known as Manager of the Dublin Theatre; the other is the Hon. William Spencer, who wrote the afterpiece called *Uranin*, a man of fashion, and a celebrated wit. What the public might have to expect from the accession of Mr. Jones, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the dramatic politics of Dublin precisely to determine, but under the auspices of Mr. Spencer, a bright æra of public taste, a golden age of dramatic literature, must be expected, by all who have the pleasure of knowing that elegant poet and accomplished scholar. Like our political cotemporaries, we may be allowed to hazard some conjectures with regard to the probable effects of this change in the theatrical administration; and we most sincerely hope, that in imitation of a great legal example, which has now, unfortunately for the country, ceased, for several months, to shine in the highest of our courts, those who accede to the principal situations, will remove few, very few of the persons who occupy the less responsible departments of the house. Mr. Wroughton, however, in some respects austere, is a man whom natural good sense, unaffected liberality, and long experience have peculiarly well fitted for the managerial situation that he now occupies; and there are few of the performers by whose removal any substitution could be effected for the better. In the highest circle, which is that of the Proprietors, we confess that we feel a considerable satisfaction, in contemplating the probability of a new arrangement. For Mr. Sheridan, and his Son, and the Trustees, and the Board of Management, and the Treasurer, and all the other parties concerned, or concerning themselves in the property, seem to have effected but little for the public, and but little for the theatre. Where there are many masters, the work is generally ill-done; and accordingly the whole system of free admissions, periodical payments, and such other

matters, all very important to a theatre, has been exceedingly ill-conducted ever since the building of the present structure. That structure has, as every body knows, involved the proprietors in many perplexities; and chancery decrees, trust-deeds, and all the other forms of public decision and private arrangement, have been perpetually employed and perpetually violated.

Yet there is one point, in which the proprietors of Drury-lane have been much more meritorious than the proprietors of Covent Garden, and that is the acceptance of new pieces. The neglect of good writers, and the encouragement of bad ones, are faults that have been deplored and exposed by poets and the public, from the time of poor Melopoyn, the name by which Smollet has designated himself, down to the period of last November, when these oppressions were stigmatized by a very ingenious letter in the *Morning Post*. At Covent Garden, this grievance exists in a most remarkable degree; for, although on account of the superiority of the acting company, authors without number, pour their productions into Covent Garden; and though a very great number of new pieces are exhibited there in every season, yet it is observable that a new author scarcely appears there once in three years. The Covent Garden proprietors indeed, seem to form their estimate, not so much from the merit of the piece presented, as from the previous success of the author presenting it, so that authors are considered there like shoes, never pleasant to wear till they have once been on. Now if these proprietors were thus scrupulous from regard to public entertainment, or their own reputation; if they wished to establish their theatre, as that perfect sphere, in which no author but of tried and sterling merit, should be allowed to move, we should most highly applaud the caution of their plan. But when we see that managers are influenced in their choice of plays, merely by one previous piece of good luck, or by some ill-founded partiality, we feel ourselves disposed to complain, that the ruling powers pursue a system so contrary to general justice, and so little satisfactory to that public, for whose advantage they hold the patent from the crown.

Now the Drury-lane managers, it is but fair to confess, have shewn very little partiality in the adjustment of these affairs. Every author has at least, a chance of acceptance, by a proper application at that theatre, even though he be neither an established dramatist, nor a friend of Mr. Sheridan; and we have known several instances in which Mr. Wroughton has recommended pieces that came into the theatre without a grain of interest. But nevertheless, we apprehend that, under the present arrangements, amid the confusion of many managers, and the uncertainty of every proceeding in the theatre, plays are not read and judged so carefully or so tastefully as they might be, if the task of penning and approving were allotted to a gentleman, who should be both a proprietor and a man of letters. From Mr. Spencer, therefore, we naturally expect much; and we earnestly wish, for the sake of our national taste, that he may succeed in obtaining its guidance; we may hope then to see the inclination for justice guided by the rare faculty of taste—we may see comedy a little oftener witty, and tragedy a little oftener poetical.

Farquhar's comedy of the *Inconstant* has been several times performed at Drury-lane, and not without some success. Mr. Elliston was the *Young Mirabel*, and acted with a great deal of gaiety and spirit. But we are sorry to say, that although he played in a sprightly and gentlemanly manner, he did not by any means do justice to his author; for while his conception of the part was exceedingly accurate, his delivery of the text was most terribly imperfect. Of all faults, this is the least excusable, because it is the most easily prevented. To conceive a character with that playful manliness, and that graceful vigour, which distinguish the comic performances of Mr. Elliston, requires Mr. Elliston's genius; but any dull blockhead may perform the mechanical operation of printing words upon his memory. Why then should he, who is gifted by nature for shining with the highest merit of the lighter drama, allow himself to fail in the very lowest, though not least important, particular of his art? In some of the modern plays, where nonsense and bad grammar recur with a most charming alternation, an actor's incorrectness, as to text, is little felt by the critic, though it is probable that even modern authors can write language as good as actors will extempore utter: but in such a play as the *Inconstant*, which, with all its puerilities of fable, must be confessed to contain a great deal of very forcible and witty writing, we cannot chuse but complain that Mr. Elliston should omit a sentence here, and change a passage there, in the very fortuitous way in which he alters the character of *Young Mirabel*.

Mr. Bannister acted *Duretête* in a most diverting manner, and is entitled to decided panegyric. Mrs. Jordan represented *Bisarre*; and as there

is a strange wildness in this character, which resembles any thing, rather than the manner of a fine lady (in the true sense of the word lady) Mrs. Jordan was pretty accurate in her conception, and very amusing in her execution of the part. Her figure, indeed, is not quite so youthful as to give an exact idea of a lively girl; but we confess that our partiality for Mrs. Jordan, in those characters which she does conceive rightly, is so fixed and so powerful, that we would a thousand times rather hear her delightful voice, and enjoy her irresistible nature, than look at the prettiest miss in the world *without* such abilities. *With* such abilities, we are not likely soon to find any miss; and when in parts that Mrs. Jordan can really act well, we hear superficial observers complaining, that she does not look sufficiently youthful; we join in the exclamation of Anacreon Moore, when in his address to a lovely woman, who has past the brightest bloom of life, he writes,

Thou still art so lovely to me,
I would rather, my exquisite mother,
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another!

Miss Boyce is almost always interesting:—the last time this play was acted, her indisposition threw her character of *Oriana* into the hands of Miss Ray, who played it as well as could be expected, at the notice of a few hours; she, of course, was by no means perfect in her text; but the suddenness of the emergency makes a defect exceedingly pardonable in her, which was by no means to be excused in Mr. Elliston. Mr. Dowton played *Old Mirabel* with great good sense; his performance had neither too much of rigidity, nor too much of buffoonery.

The Opera of *Lionel and Clarissa*, the best perhaps of Bickerstaff's productions, was acted at Drury-lane, on the 12th of December, for the first time, after a sleep of twenty years. We do not see that there was much need for ever waking it again; for though it be not without some merit, yet it has that fatal fault which pervades all the works of its author, a most unvarying dullness. There is certainly character in this opera, but that is not character of a very new or striking description; and it is no great merit, that through three acts a piece never falls, when it never endangers itself by attempting to rise. We have an old fellow who, though married, still amuses himself with a girl and a glass: an old lady, his spouse, who thinks of little but high life: a young gentleman, their son, who has nothing to distinguish him from the generality of fops, except, perhaps, the unnatural extravagance of his character: a young lady, the sister of this coxcomb, who is like all the rest of those characters, which are familiarly called, spirited girls; a patron, all generosity; a favoured youth, all gratitude; a damsel, all love; a steward, all fidelity; and a maid-servant, all pertness. This has nothing very much above the common style of plays; and if we were to go at length into the merits of plot and dialogue, we should find that *Lionel and Clarissa* is as inferior to the modern pieces, in point of incident, as it is to older plays in point of wit.

It appears to have been revived for the purpose of giving to Miss Lyon and Mr. Braham an opportunity of pouring forth their notes. Miss Lyon sings sweetly; but she has not made so great an improvement in her acting, as she ought to have done, for so prominent a cast of characters as that which she has undertaken. She is, indeed, exceedingly handsome: she possesses a charming voice, and a very accurate intonation; but she does not appear to have had the advantage of any dramatic instruction, and though, in these operatic pieces, where the original text is but little known, the science of acting is not quite so important as it is in plays of more exalted reputation for dialogue; yet the character of *Rosetta*, *Rosina*, and *Clarissa*, all of which Miss Lyon has already performed, do certainly require a little attention to manner and carriage, and demand a little care to avoid that inelegant squareness of action, that confined and uncertain motion of the arms, which are never completely overlooked by an audience, after the first month of an actress's career. We give this hint to Miss Lyon, in the hope that our criticism may fall under her eye, and with the sincerest wish for her improvement and success: she has far too much vocal merit to deserve neglect; but we are anxious to see her acquire so much dramatic skill as to merit admiration. Perhaps we shall most clearly convey our meaning to her understanding, by an illustration from her own art of music. She must frequently have heard young singers begin something which they mean for a cadence; but not knowing exactly what they meant to do, turn short upon some unlucky note, and stick in a quagmire. This is one of those faults, which scientific musicians most loudly censure; but beginners have almost always a notion that they must, at certain intervals, make a flourish, and, rather than remain in the beaten tract, till they have completely

learnt the topography of the district, through which they are travelling, they determine on doing this something right or wrong. Now Miss Lyon is constantly committing, in the dramatic art, a fault exactly analagous to this uncertain flourish in the practice of music. After she remained, and perhaps very properly altogether quiet, for some moments, she seems to think that the eyes of the audience will begin to require variety, and accordingly lifts up her arms, in order to perform some action; but as she does not very well understand the principles of action, they are not lifted more than six or eight inches, when she begins to labour under a dreadful uncertainty, as to the service which they are to perform, now that they have commenced their operations. Accordingly, the whole person immediately acquires a constraint which is felt from the finger's ends down to the extremities of the feet; and the arms, afraid to move freely upward, and yet unwilling ingloriously to descend again, remain in a complete dilemma, like the tomb of Mahomet at Mecca, suspended amidst opposing magnets. Now if Miss Lyon, before she appears upon the stage, were to consider the dialogue of her part, make up her mind, as to those passages which she shall deliver with action, and also determine the precise nature of that action, she will come upon the stage with greater ease to herself, and greater satisfaction to her audience: because, if she does but little, she will at least be sure of that little; and, unless her judgment be very much misdirected, we think it likely that little will be done well. In short, until she has acquired a complete freedom of the stage, we should advise her not to move her limbs, without knowing for what purpose they are to be moved; and if it is to be expected, that a little art will render completely graceful, a form which nature has already done so much; if we can be of the smallest use in forwarding and improving real merit, we shall feel more satisfaction in reflecting on our labours, than we can receive from the credit of having manufactured a dozen ill-natured jests; and if, in pointing out to Miss Lyon those deficiencies, which are incident to every young actress, we are under the necessity of entering into an analysis which may, at the first glance, appear unfavourable, we hope, that on reflection, she will not feel herself prematurely or unkindly admonished, by a criticism which we have published, solely with a view to an improvement.

Mr. Braham, who played *Lionel*, sang his first air delightfully; but we do not think his chief excellence lies in executing the music of these old operas. From his acting we expected little, and our expectations were realised. Signora Storace performed *Diana Oldboy*, and musically was entitled to much applause; but she has an unlucky habit of mistaking vulgarity for spirit, and acting gentlewomen as if they were dairy-maids. Mr. Decamp was entertaining in *Jessamin*, and Miss Pope exceedingly clever in *Lady Mary*; but the best performance of the evening was the *Colonel Oldboy* of Mr. Bannister: it was richly conceived, and yet chastely executed; it added much humour to the author, but it did not, by appealing to the galleries alone, insult the most sensible portion of the audience. Miss Kelly played *Jenny* instead of Mrs. Bland, and if she gained much applause, deserved more. Mr. Powell, in *Sir John Flowerdale*, was quiet and gentlemanly; nor can we pass, without praise, a song which was admirably given by Mr. Smith, who performed *Old Jenkin*, and who appears to possess one of the most powerful bass voices which, for a long time, has been heard in the profession of the drama.

On the 16th of last month was produced a tragedy from the pen of Mr. Godwin, entitled *Faulkener*. We will preface our criticism on this piece, by a statement of the principal *Dramatis Personæ*, and a sketch of the fable.

The Count Orsini,.... Mr. Powell.
Faulkener, ... Mr. Elliston.
Colonel Stanley,..... Mr. H. Siddons.
Benedetto,..... Mr. Palmer.
The Countess Orsini,.. Mrs. Powell.
Lauretta, ... Mrs. H. Siddons.

The widow of an officer, named *Faulkener*, had been seduced by Charles the second, and had borne him a son who took the name of her former husband. The lady had repented, married *Count Orsini*, and settled with him at Florence. Young *Faulkener* had been adopted by the relations of his mother's husband, at the age of four years; and, as he grew up, the desire of finding his mother had become paramount to every other feeling of his heart. In the meanwhile, the *Countess*, at all events, had most anxiously dreaded any meeting with a son, whom she had so disgracefully brought into the world; but *Lauretta*, a lady who had been mistress to *Orsini*, jealous of that nobleman's marriage, had vowed revenge against the *Countess* his wife, and eagerly laboured to bring young *Faulkener* to his mother, in order to occasion a discovery of the disgrace of the latter. In the execution of these schemes, she

had associated to herself *Benedetto*, a gentleman of the house of *Orsini*, who was passionately attached to her. In the beginning of the play, after an explanatory first act, *Faulkener* was brought, by *Benedetto* to a masquerade, where, from his youthful recollections, he recognised his mother; but by unlucky accidents he was suddenly separated from her. *Benedetto* then appointed *Faulkener* to meet and converse on the young man's favorite topic, among rocks at midnight; but he proceeded so far in his taunts of the *Countess*, that *Faulkener* challenged him: they fought, and *Benedetto* fell. *Faulkener* then flew to the Orsini palace, where he found the *Countess;* but she, deeply agitated, persuaded him that she was not his mother, and that the parent who had borne him was long since dead. He was now apprehended for the murder of *Benedetto*. His friend *Stanley* went to his prison to visit him, and was there met by *Lauretta*, who persuaded him that the mother of *Faulkener* was using her influence to procure the secretion of that unhappy youth. *Stanley*, informing *Faulkener* of these circumstances, and being sternly repulsed by him, visited *Orsini*, in order, by exposing the *Countess*, to prevent the destruction of his friend; but *Orsini*, irritated by the attack on his wife's reputation, compelled *Stanley* to draw, and fell in the combat. Meanwhile, *Faulkener* was brought to trial, and disdained to save himself by relating what he had heard against his mother. But the *Countess* herself rushed into the court, and, by explaining all the circumstances of her life, produced a pardonable motive for the slaughter of *Benedetto*, and effected the acquittal of her son. She then returned home, where she had the mortification of finding *Orsini* slain, and was obliged to confess how fatal may be the consequences of one indiscretion; while *Lauretta* was struck with the deepest horror, in finding that her beloved *Orsini* had fallen a victim of that revenge, which she had been contriving for the *Countess*.

The prologue informs us, that the fable of this play was founded on a fact related by De Foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe. But the tragedy itself affords us a very convincing proof, that an incident may strike forcibly in a novel, which will not succeed in a play; although, on the other hand, those facts which are properly the subject of a drama, are much more striking on the stage, than they can be in a novel. It is difficult to determine in what class of dramas this tragedy of *Faulkener* ought properly to be placed. If it has not the pathos, it certainly avoids the absurdities of the German taste: we cannot rank it among our own classical tragedies, because it scarcely makes an attempt at poetry; nor does it properly belong to the modern school, for it is never very lively or interesting, and never very dashing or irregular. We believe it is written after no model, but the original vapour of the author's brain; and unless he can give a better "habitation to "his airy nothings," we wish to see no more productions from the same mould. With the exception of a heterogeneous masquerade scene, where there was a strange mixture of frowns, fiddles, dances, and declamations, we observed no very material vice in any scene: and the hissing that arose, sprang from the whimsical and ill-managed way in which the deaths of *Benedetto* and *Orsini* were announced, rather than from any vital fault in the continuation of the fable. Yet the piece well merited the disapprobation which it received from the dropping of the curtain; because, though it had no very striking individual faults, yet it had the general defect which we have just lamented in another play, a most doleful dullness. Repetition was given out by Mr. Elliston, amid the storm of contending parties.

The actors did much for its success: Mr. Elliston was very brisk in *Faulkener;* perhaps rather too brisk for a tragic hero; but tragedy is not his forte. Mr. H. Siddons was impressive in *Stanley*. Mrs. Powell, as usual, acted with great feeling, but little discrimination; and Mrs. H. Siddons, though the revengeful character of *Lauretta*, is completely out of her accustomed line, acquitted herself with great energy and grace. She spoke an Epilogue, which, though it derived every possible charm from her delivery, yet contained allusions to herself, which we think it wrong in the managers to require that she should utter. A comic player, by alluding to himself, sometimes creates a fair laugh; but we think it beneath the dignity of a tragic actress to borrow applause for an author, on the credit of her own domestic merits. That credit, it is true, stands, in the instance of Mr. H. Siddons, extremely high with the public; but we hope the theatre will abstain hereafter from placing so interesting an actress in a situation so disagreeable.

The piece was repeated on the two following nights, and then discontinued, ostensibly on account of the indisposition of Mrs. Powell; but we believe, in reality, rather from the *indisposition* of the public to see it again. It is said that the play was a long while in the manager's hands, before they determined to

produce it. We cannot wonder at their backwardness. It is said, too, that the principal character, that of *Faulkener*, was written for Master Betty. We do wonder very much at that!

A comedy is in a state of preparation, but its author is not known. The comedy of Mr. Lee will be produced immediately after this anonymous work; and, we understand, that many new scenes, machines, dresses, and important paraphernalia, are to be brought forward in one of the forth-coming operas.

COVENT GARDEN.

On the 1st of December was produced at this theatre, a melodrama, called *the Blind Boy*. The principal characters of this afterpiece, and the leading events of its fable, are as follow:

Stanislaus, King of Poland..Mr. Murray.
Edmund, the Blind Boy.....Mrs. C. Kemble.
Rodolph.....Mr. Brunton.
Starro.....Mr. Chapman.
Kalig.....Mr. Farley.
Oberto.....Mr. Fawcett.
Peasant.....Mr. Liston.
Duchess of Lithuania.....Miss Bristow.
Elwina.....Miss Morton.

Stanislaus, King of Sarmatia, had felt a deep mortification on learning that his son had been born blind. The Queen had therefore substituted for her own child another noble infant, called *Rodolph*, and had caused *Edmund*, the Blind Boy, to be delivered, with a purse of gold, to *Oberto*, a peasant, who received him, and educated him, with his daughter *Elwina*. Her Majesty, on her death bed, had entrusted *Kalig*, her confidential servant, with a packet directed to *Oberto*, in which the secret is explained. *Oberto*, in the first act of the piece, received this packet, and hastened with his daughter, and the Prince to Warsaw. In the second act, just as *Rodolph*, during the ceremonial of marrying the *Duchess of Lithuania* knelt at the altar, and was addressed as the son of *Stanislaus*, *Oberto* produced the Queen's packet, and proclaimed the lawful heir of the crown! *Stanislaus* assured *Rodolph*, that though he had lost the inheritance, he should still preserve the royal affections, gave him a ring in token of his regard, and promised that in case of *Edmund*'s death, *Rodolph* should yet be king. *Rodolph* then sought to destroy *Edmund*, and instructed *Starro*, one of his creatures, to assist him in the murder. *Starro* having observed the melancholy air of *Kalig*, conceived him a fit person for the execution of a crime, and, therefore, engaged him to assist in drowning *Edmund*. *Edmund* was then led from his apartments to the water side by *Rodolph*, who, for fear of betraying himself, preserved a strict silence: a boat was waiting at the river's edge, and *Rodolph*, after long struggling to relieve himself from the grasp of the terrified *Edmund*, left the youth to be precipitated from the boat by *Starro* and *Kalig*. *Starro* was about to force him into the vessel, when the faithful *Kalig* drew his sword, and, after an obstinate combat slew *Starro*. *Edmund* related his escape to the King, and *Kalig* was accused by *Rodolph*; but there appeared a clue to the discovery of one of the villains, whose finger, during the struggle, had left a ring in the hand of *Edmund*. It was the ring which *Stanislaus* had given to *Rodolph!* The foul conspiracy was all explained, and the piece concluded with the union of *Edmund* and *Elwina*.

We have here given only a brief outline of the fable of this very beautiful and interesting afterpiece: there are a thousand little circumstances which heighten and adorn the plot, but which it would be impossible for us to enumerate here, without swelling our criticism to an exorbitant size, and weaking that pleasure which we are certain must be felt, by all who may hereafter be induced to see it. The incident of the ring by which *Rodolph* is discovered, is so admirably contrived, and so unexpectedly developed, that, even without the other merits which the piece possesses, we should be inclined to rank the melodrama of *the Blind Boy*, above every other production of its species. The acuteness of the other senses in persons without their sight, is a fact acknowledged by natural historians, and beautifully illustrated in the course of *the Blind Boy*: and whether we consider the piece, as to its internal construction, or as to its striking and showy effects, we always must speak of it in terms of the highest admiration. Mr. Fawcett and Mrs. C. Kemble, both acted in a most interesting manner; the characters of *Oberto* and *Edmund* were peculiarly suited to the best style of each. Mr. Farley deserves praise in *Kalig*, and Miss Norton in *Elwina*. Mr. Liston did as much as he could for the part which was allotted to him, but which was the only portion of the piece that tended to obstruct its claims to the praise of perfection.

The history of its production is a little singular: for the authenticity of our account we will not positively vouch, but we have the

greatest reason to believe, that the following facts are accurately stated:—A piece, we believe, in three acts, containing this story of *the Blind Boy*, except as to the incident of the ring, was brought to Mr. Harris, either in its original French, or in a rough translation, by Captain Hewitson, whom we understand to be nearly connected with Mr. Harris, and who is the avowed author of the piece. Mr. Harris, or his son, consulted their theatrical friends upon the piece, which originally contained many useless and incumbering characters: and by the advice of Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Farley, the work was reduced to its present state, with the addition of the incident of the ring. Whether the praise of that addition be due to Mr. Fawcett or to Mr. Farley, we have not been able to ascertain. These gentlemen have both acquired high reputation for their skill in these productions; and whosoever is the contriver of this admirable incident, has certainly made a most honourable addition to the fame of his former ingenuity. If we have mis-stated any of these facts, we hope the avowed author of the piece will not impute it to any desire of undervaluing his merit, a statement which we have made merely from a wish to convince our readers of our diligence in procuring them all possible information.

Mrs. Siddons has retired from the stage for the winter. At Easter we have the promise of again beholding this unrivalled actress: On the 11th of December, she made her last appearance in the character of *Hermione*, in the *Winter's Tale*. As we treated at length of this play in our last Number, we do not think ourselves required to enlarge at present on its general merits; but we shall say a few words on one character which has given rise to considerable animadversion. We mean that of *Paulina*, as represented by Mrs. C. Kemble. Some critics imagine that her performance of this character was too violent and vulgar for a lady holding a situation at Court: but as we have bestowed the greatest attention on the character itself, we are not afraid openly to pronounce, that her performance was an accurate personification of Shakspeare's idea. We will premise our observations by reminding our readers, that people who belonged to courts, and even Kings and Queens themselves, were not formerly people of manners so polished and habits so refined as now distinguish such elevated personages: and a part of the merit of Shakspeare, as well as of Homer, and of other great painters of nature, is that he has not sacrificed truth to romance, but given us a picture of manners as they really were. His ambassadors enter without notification, and his kings are as accessible as ordinary men. All these things were actually thus in the times concerning which he wrote: for the heads of petty principalities did not make their little empires top-heavy by surrounding themselves with state example, as is usual in our days: if they had, they would have occupied the greatest part of their subjects about the court, and acted like children at play, who make regiments with half a dozen officers to one soldier. This absence of external pomp was naturally attended by a bluntness of manner and a contempt of etiquette, which perpetually deviated into vulgarity; and we could, if we here thought it necessary, quote an immense number of instances, in which the Kings and Queens of Shakspeare, and other faithful historians of nature, utter phrases coarser than any thing which is now to be heard in the mouths even of rough squires. This general inelegance pervaded the palaces; and in one of the courts, this *Paulina* is represented, not only as a lady living where *Leontes* and other persons are perpetually employing phrases little congenial to our ideas of elegance, but actually as a woman naturally warm and violent, though very honest. We shall quote two or three of the passages which Shakespeare has put into the mouth either of this *Paulina*, or of some persons who knows her thoroughly, and then leave our readers to judge for themselves, whether the poet ever intended the character to be performed, with that gentle elegance, which some of the periodical critics have recommended.

Paulina, intending to reproach the King with his cruelty to *Hermione*, who has just been delivered of a daughter, speaks thus:

" These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'the King,
" *beshrew them:*
" *He must be told of it, and shall.* The office
" Becomes a woman best. I'll take it on
" me:
" *If I prove honey-mouthed, may my tongue*
" *blister,*
" *And never, to my redlooked anger, be*
" *The trumpet any more!*—Tell her, Emilia,
" *I'll use the tongue I have!*

Leontes who knowing *Paulina*'s character, has been in great apprehension of seeing, or rather of hearing her, is abruptly visited by her, and thus speaks to *Antigonus* her husband:

Leo.—" Away with that *audacious* lady. An-
" tigonus,

" I charged thee that she should not come
" about me.
" I knew she would.
Antig.—" I told her so, my lord,
" On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
" She should not visit you.
Leo.—" *What? Cans't not rule her?*
Pau.—" From all dishonesty he can: in this
" (Unless he take the course that you have
" done,
" Commit me for committing honour) trust
" me
" *He shalt not rule me.*
Antig.—" Lo now! you hear!

Leontes, quite out of patience, cries out to his officers,

" Force her hence!
Pau.—" *Let him that makes but trifles of his*
" *eyes*
" *First hand me!*

She then, still *speaking to the King*, says of the child:

" It is yours:
" *And might we lay the old proverb to your*
" *charge*
" *So like you, 'tis the worse!*———
" —— This cruel usage of your Queen
" (Not able to produce more accusation
" Than your own weak hinged fancy) some-
" thing *savours*
" *Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,*
" *Yea, scandalous to all the world!*

As they are pushing her off, she exclaims:
——" What need these hands?
" *You, that are thus so tender to his follies,*
" Will never do him good, not one of you!"

Strong language all this, from a *gentle and elegant* court-lady to a King! We could quote many more passages which yet further illustrate the propriety of Mrs. C. Kemble's bold conception of the character, but we think that the instances already cited are sufficient.

A Mr. Hamerton, who has played at the Dublin theatre, has been acting at Covent Garden, the character of *Dennis Brulgruddery*, in Mr. Colman's *John Bull*. It is difficult to criticise the performance of so eccentric a part; and any actor must appear to disadvantage, who succeeds our old favourite Mr. Johnstone: but as nearly as we can decide, the principal requisite for the character is an entertaining manner, and Mr. Hamerton's manner did not entertain us at all. The next requisite is a correct brogue, and if an Englishman may be allowed to give an opinion on an Irish dialect, we shall say that Mr. Hamerton's brogue did not appear to us to resemble any dialect that usually proceeds from the mouths of Irishmen. In short, Mr. Hamerton, appearing to possess neither the accurate nature of Mr. Rock, nor the ageeeable insinuation of Mr. Johnstone, cannot be praised by us as an able representative of *Dennis Brulgruddery*. We have heard, however, that at country theatres, he has shewn considerable merit in other walks of the drama. Mr. Fawcett's performance of *Job Thornberry*, is one of the most admirable pathetic productions of the scenic art: We cannot sufficiently express our pleasure in reflecting on a representation which gave us so much pain. Mr. Emery's *Dan* is a *perfect piece of acting*, because it is a *perfect piece of nature*: and Mr. Lewis's *Tom Shuffleton*, demands *equal praise*, because it was so totally *opposite to nature*. Mrs. Gibbs is interesting in *Mary*; but Mrs. Humphries has not acquired enough of the manner of a fine lady, to be an adequate representative of *Lady Caroline Brayncore*. Mr. Blanchard's *Sir Simon* is a sensible performance; but Mr. Pope in *Peregrine*, acts with too much of tragic bombast, for a man who walks about in a coat and waistcoat.

On Saturday the 19th of December, Mr. Kemble, for the first time, appeared as *Iago*, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Othello*. Without entering into any invidious comparison between Mr. Kemble's performance and that of his very popular predecessor in this character, we shall say that Mr. Kemble, although he evidently continued to labour under an indisposition which has for some weeks depressed his exertions, represented *Iago* in a most masterly style. *Iago* is a character of very various expression; and even independently of the thousand nicer feelings which require an accurate discrimination, it is very difficult to convey the two leading expressions, humility with *Othello*, and savage anger in the soliloquies, so perfectly as in both to prevent *Othello* from suspecting his villainy and to let the audience understand it. Accordingly most actors have either betrayed themselves by the over-acted sneaking of their hypocrisy with *Othello*, or taken off the zest of the character altogether, by carrying themselves throughout the piece in too generous and manly a style. There are some passages indeed, where *Iago's* expressions are grand and striking: but he is for the most part subtle and malignant—he is known to be brave; yet he carries his points by cowardly means: and the

great skill lies in expressing those various impulses of the soul, so as not to give to any an undue preponderance. All this Mr. Kemble has effected; and his *Iago* is, therefore, in our opinion, a performance the more admirable as it is infinitely difficult.

We are at a loss to conceive how Mr. Pope could have acquired a reputation for acting *Othello*. He has by far too much of *useless action*, and by far too little of *useful discrimination*, to play so great a part. Besides, he has an unlucky habit of *acting words* instead of *sentiments*. Mr. C. Kemble's *Cassio* excited very just and very general applause. It is a performance, perfect in its kind. Miss Smith was gentle and interesting in *Desdemona*—we cannot help wishing that we had more frequent opportunities of admiring her. Mrs. St. Leger played *Emilia*; and played it with more effect than we should have conceived it possible the character could have produced. The impressive and original action, with which she threw herself on her knees, in one of her most passionate speeches, could not fail to strike upon the feelings of all who had hearts to feel.

A drama in three acts will shortly be brought forward: it is now in rehearsal, and is intended to run with the new pantomime. We hear also of an opera called the *Fishermen*.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1807.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

THE political events of the present month are as numerous and important as have, for years, occurred in the same space of time. The last blow has been given to our intercourse with the continent of Europe, and we are again doomed to that state of separation, for which this island was remarkable in ancient times—*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*. The inlets of Germany have been sealed against us, not less hermetically than those of France. With the exception of Sweden, (an exception which, we apprehend, will not be of long continuance), not a single port is now open in the Baltic; and the western coast of the European continent, which has so long yielded a safe and friendly receptacle to our commerce, has now become a portion of the vast barrier, established by our enemy against us. The events which have led to this singular situation furnish abundant materials for political reflection.

Russia.—In a former number we observed, that if the real interests of Russia were alone regarded by her rulers, there could be no danger of any rupture between her and Great Britain, the country that entirely nourished and supported her commerce, that took her raw materials off her hands, that supplied her with manufactures, both for necessity and for comfort, and that furnished her both with the capital and the arts to carry on her internal cultivation, the source from which all her real aggrandisement was to flow. But we were fully aware that her sovereign was an inexperienced youth, who had already given indications of a mind, neither firm nor vigorous, and who, at the peace of Tilsit, had delivered himself up entirely into the hands of our inveterate enemy. The Russians, indeed, we knew, were extremely indisposed to hostilities with this country, which would prove so directly ruinous to their prosperity, and that Alexander might be deterred from embracing a measure, so generally odious, without some very plausible pretext. Unfortunately, such a pretext was afforded by our sudden attack on Copenhagen; and Alexander no longer made any hesitation, in openly uniting himself with Bonaparte, as soon as the removal of our fleets from the Baltic relieved him from the apprehension of immediate chastisement.

The declaration, which he has published, distinctly proves that this was the course of his sentiments. With the exception of our attack on Copenhagen, the reasons which he adduces for hostilities are either false or frivolous. He complains, that though he had taken up arms in a cause in which we were more interested than he was; yet we had neglected to co-operate with him, and have, in the mean time, selfishly employed our forces in making distant conquests in the invasion of South America and Egypt. He accuses Great Britain of wantonly annoying the maritime trade of his subjects, even while Russia was fighting our battles. He then adverts to the offer of his mediation with France,

and reproaches our ministers with not only rejecting it, but with hastening to commit the outrage on Denmark, in order to render the flames of war more fierce than ever. He states, that he immediately warned our court of his resentment on this occasion, but did not allow his forbearance to be entirely dissipated, till our ministers had offered a fresh outrage to his feelings, by soliciting his mediation for the restoration of peace with Denmark: a curious apology for his remaining inactive, while our fleets continued in the Baltic, and might speedily have laid his harbours in ashes. The declaration then proceeds to state the resolutions of the court of Russia, and its demands from Great Britain, in the following terms:—

"His Imperial Majesty breaks off all communication with England: he recalls his "Embassy from that court, and will not allow "any Ambassador from her to continue at his "court. There shall henceforward exist no "relations between the two countries.

"The Emperor declares, that he abrogates, "for ever, every act hitherto concluded between Great Britain and Russia, and particularly the convention concluded in 1801. "He proclaims, anew, the principles of the "armed neutrality, that monument of the wisdom of the Empress Catharine; and binds "himself never to recede from that system.

"He calls upon England to give complete "satisfaction to his subjects, with respect to "all the just claims they may set up, of ships "and merchandizes seized and detained, contrary to the express tenor of the treaties concluded during his own reign.

"The Emperor gives warning, that nothing "shall be re-established between Russia and "England, until the latter shall have given satisfaction to Denmark.

"The Emperor expects, that his Britannic "Majesty, instead of permitting his ministers "to scatter fresh seeds of war, in compliance "only with their own feelings, will be extending, in a manner, to the whole world, the inestimable blessings of peace.

"When the Emperor shall be satisfied upon "all these points, and especially upon that of "peace between France and England, without which no part of Europe can expect to "enjoy any tranquillity, his Imperial Majesty "will then willingly return to the relations of "amity with Great Britain, which, in the state "of just resentment which the Emperor should "feel, he has maintained, perhaps, too long."

The reply of our ministers to this declaration is, in most circumstances, perfectly conclusive. They ridicule the idea of considering the war in which the Emperor was engaged as more connected with the interests of Great Britain than of Russia; when, at the commencement of it, we were engaged in actual hostility with Prussia; while Russia was bound to that power by an express alliance, and had assumed the character of protector of the North, and of the Germanic Body. As to the complaints of our not co-operating, they affirm, that we were making preparations for that purpose, so vigorous, as to call forth Alexander's own approbation; when the peace of Tilsit directed them to a different warfare; and that the war with Turkey, of which the attack on Egypt was the consequence, was undertaken at the express instigation of the Russian court. As to the vexations sustained by the Russian commerce, they assert, that few vessels of that nation have been detained, none refused redress, and only one solitary vessel condemned, for the express crime of carrying naval stores to the ports of the common enemy. With regard to the offer of mediation, our ministers state, that they could not accept it, without knowing the basis on which it was proposed to negociate, and more particularly the articles of the treaty of Tilsit; that it was become indispensably necessary to ascertain, by these means, the disposition of the Emperor of Russia, after he had so recently abandoned the interests of the King of Prussia, even sharing in his spoils, and had given up to France the Ionian Republic, whose independence he had so lately and so solemnly guaranteed. They allege, that the Emperor of Russia, so far from betraying any immediate resentment at the attack of Copenhagen, had, at that very period, showed a greater disposition to amity than before; and had given no hostile indication whatever, till the appearance of the formal declaration. They endeavour to expose the absurdity of resenting, as an insult, the request for the mediation of Russia, to accommodate our differences with Denmark; and they proceed, in the following terms, to notice the demands of Russia:

"His Majesty has already had occasion "to assert, that justice has, in no instance, "been denied to the claims of His Imperial "Majesty's subjects.

"The termination of the war with Denmark "has been anxiously sought by his Majesty, "that it cannot be necessary for his Majesty to "renew any professions upon that subject. "But his Majesty is at a loss to reconcile "the Emperor of Russia's present anxiety for "the completion of such an arrangement with

" his Imperial Majesty's recent refusal to con-
" tribute his good offices for effecting it.

" The requisition of his Imperial Majesty for
" the immediate conclusion, by his Majesty, of a
" peace with France, is as extraordinary in the
" substance, as it is offensive in the manner. His
" Majesty has, at no time, declined to treat with
" France, when France has professed a willing-
" ness to treat on an admissable basis. And the
" Emperor of Russia cannot fail to remember,
" that the last negociation, between Great Bri-
" tain and France, was broken off, upon points
" immediately affecting, not his Majesty's own
" interests, but those of his Imperial Ally. But
" his Majesty neither understands, nor will he
" admit, the pretensions of the Emperor of
" Russia to dictate the time, or the mode,
" of his Majesty's pacific negociations with
" other Powers. It never will be endured by
" his Majesty, that any government shall in-
" demnify itself for the humiliation of sub-
" serviency to France, by the adoption of an
" insulting peremptory tone towards Great
" Britain.

" His Majesty proclaims anew, those princi-
" ples of maritime law, against which the
" armed neutrality, under the auspices of
" the Empress Catharine, was originally di-
" rected; and against which the present hosti-
" lities of Russia are denounced. These prin-
" ciples have been recognised and acted upon
" in the best periods of the history of Europe;
" and acted upon by no power with more strict-
" ness and severity, than by Russia herself, in
" the reign of the Empress Catharine.

" Those principles it is the right and the duty
" of his Majesty to maintain: And against
" every confederacy his Majesty is determined,
" under the blessing of Divine Providence, to
" maintain them. They have, at all times,
" contributed essentially to the support of the
" maritime power of Great Britain; but they
" are become incalculably more valuable and
" important, when the maritime power of
" Great Britain constitutes the sole remaining
" bulwark against the overwhelming usurpa-
" tions of France; the only refuge to which
" other nations may yet resort, in happier
" times, for assistance and protection.

" When the opportunity for peace, between
" Great Britain and Russia, shall arrive, his
" Majesty will embrace it with eagerness. The
" arrangements of a negociation will not be
" difficult or complicated. His Majesty, as he
" has nothing to concede, so he has nothing to
" require; satisfied, if Russia shall manifest a
" disposition to return to her antient feelings of
" friendship towards Great Britain; to a just
" consideration of her own true interests; and
" to a sense of her own dignity as an inde-
" pendent nation."

While we give our hearty tribute of applause to the general tenor of this declaration, we cannot, without deep regret, notice two circumstances which are very inconsistent with its other merits. We could have wished that our ministers, instead of refusing, in an angry and peremptory tone, to give any satisfaction with regard to the attack on Copenhagen, had given some strong and unequivocal proof of their actually having received information that Denmark meditated hostile designs against us. Such a disclosure would have taken away from Russia every pretence for going to war with us, and would have rendered the conduct of her court doubly odious to her subjects. We are afraid that a haughty refusal to give any explanation on this subject, will have a very different effect. It will not be believed that our ministers had the means of justifying themselves, and yet would not do it, even when a peculiar exigency, both the honour and interests of their country, required such a justification. The heavy charge, of wantonly violating the rights of neutral nations, will continue to be objected to us; and the Emperor of Russia will find the lameness of his other statements compensated by the plausible pretext of revenging this outrage.

The answer which our Ministers make to Alexander's complaints of our neglect to co-operate with him, is still more reprehensible. It will be remembered that the present Ministers loudly declaimed against their predecessors for this very circumstance, for having neglected to co-operate in time with Russia. Alexander has now taken effectual advantage of this language, and has brought the very same charge against our government which the members of the present Administration did several months ago. They were of course placed, by the Russian declaration, in a very distressing dilemma: It was necessary for them either to exculpate their political opponents, or silently to admit the justice of the enemy's accusation. They chose the latter course; only alleviating the force of the censure by alleging that they were at length hastening to his assistance just as the war terminated. This may be a very good defence of the present Ministers, but it is a very pitiful apology for the British nation: it is neither dignified nor consistent with sound policy. The declaration should have stated, that in a

war where the interests of Russia were most nearly concerned, Great Britain was putting forth all her strength, was employing far greater forces than ever Russia brought into the field against the common enemy, was harrassing and besieging France with 150,000 seamen, embarked in a navy twice as expensive as the whole military forces of Russia. They should have stated that Great Britain had done more injury to the Empire of France than all the powers on the continent put together; that she had deprived it of its most valuable possessions both in the East Indies and in the West; that she had nearly annihilated its commerce; that she had thus dried up the fertile source of its revenues, and thwarted Bonaparte in the most favourite objects of his ambition---ships, commerce, and colonies. After this representation, they might justly have asked whether Russia had ever made efforts adequate to these? Whether she had ever co-operated with any ally in a similar manner?

Such ought to have been the dignified language of the British Cabinet, superior to the mean feelings of faction, and anxious only to support the honour of their country. A diversion on the continent would not only have been a work of supererogation on our part; but the exposure of a force not exceeding twenty thousand men to the immense armies of France, could have been productive of nothing but loss and disgrace.

Portugal.---In a former number we stated the advantages which the Prince Regent of Portugal would derive from transferring the seat of Empire to the Brazils; and we anticipated the execution of this noble project, even while some of our cotemporaries treated it as a romantic chimera. To us it appeared not in the light of romance; we considered it as the wisest and most politic step that could, in the present state of things, be adopted by the Court of Portugal; and we only feared that timidity, prejudice, or the intrigues of France might prevent the execution of a purpose equally dictated by prudence, honour, and the generous feelings of independence. The Prince had deliberately arranged every thing for his departure, had prepared vessels for the voyage, and was ready to embark with his court and his treasures at the shortest warning. Still, however, he lingered in his capital, reluctant to quit the ancient seat of his empire, while many of his selfish courtiers, who already looked forward to the bounty of France, endeavoured to augment his regret and reluctance. He even complied so far with the mandates of Bonaparte as to seize all the persons and property of the British subjects who still remained within his dominions, to unite himself formally with France and her dependents, and to commence hostilities against his only friend and ally. Nothing, however, would satisfy the Tyrant of the Continent but the dethronement of the House of Braganza; and when the unhappy Prince saw the inappeasable enemy approaching to his capital, he at length tore himself from his country, and under the inviolable protection of the British fleet, set sail for the shores of another continent. On the advantages which will accrue to Great Britain from this emigration, we have already offered some remarks; and shall resume the subject in a future number.

America.—The American Congress has been convened at an earlier period than usual, and has furnished us with the means of ascertaining, in some degree, the sentiments entertained there in regard to the important discussions with this country. The speech of President Jefferson is certainly far from exhibiting a conciliatory aspect. He speaks with bitterness of the conduct of Great Britain, while he passes over the French Decrees which have called forth our acts of retaliation. He now talks of warlike preparations without the same aversions which his speeches used formerly to display; and if we were to draw our conclusions from his language, we should have little reason to hope for a long continuance of amity between this country and Great Britain. But the proceedings of the Congress bear a very different stamp. Several very violent motions have, indeed, been made by the champions of the French interest; but they have uniformly been negatived in every shape, and the most violent of them without even a division or a single supporting voice. We trust that the sentiments of the Congress may be regarded as a representation of those which prevail among the great body of the Americans; and it may possibly turn out that even the apparently hostile language of the President may be assumed for the purpose of drawing greater concessions from this country.

Domestic Politics.

During the prorogation of Parliament, our internal transactions seldom require much notice. The march of internal prosperity is silent and unobserved like the growth of the most luxuriant plant; and our attention is only

called to the bickerings of faction, or something which denotes the interruption of a fortunate tranquillity. At present we have only to notice an instance of the amazing activity and enterprize of our commercial spirit. No sooner was it known that the Court of Portugal had actually set sail for the Brazils, than a large ship was instantly chartered in the river for that new seat of Empire, and large investments sent on board without delay. The Portuguese Court will scarcely have landed in its Transatlantic dominions, when it will find itself furnished with an ample supply of British manufactures to remedy the deficiencies of the New World.

Some reports of a change in Administration have lately been circulated. They rest upon no solid information, but upon mere conjectures originating in the hopes and fears of persons interested in such an event. It has been said that, for family reasons, a late successful expedition was by no means agreeable to a certain great personage; that in consequence Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh were to quit office, and Lord Sidmouth to supersede the Duke of Portland at the head of the administration. Such rumours will be perpetually afloat in a country so constituted as ours, all equally deserving or rather undeserving of notice.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

China.—Canton, April 18, 1807.

THE affair between the English Company and the Chinese Government, is at length adjusted. After many meetings, chin-chinnings, &c. &c. the Chinese Government ordered up for trial the fifty-two sailors belonging to the Neptune, that were at liberty when the affray happened. This order was complied with on the part of the Company, and about the 25th of March the sailors arrived in Canton, under the protection of a company of marines, from the Lion ship of war. After they had reached Canton, the Mandarins intimated that they must be taken inside the city for examination. This was resolutely opposed, and it was finally agreed that the trial should be held in the Company's old factory; the lower part of which was accordingly fitted up in great style, with yellow and crimson silk carpets, cushions, chairs, tables, &c. the whole intended to represent the Emperor's Court. The business now appeared favourable, but was soon shaded by another serious occurrence: the Mandarin, who was to sit in awful judgment, required that the Chief of the Company, the Captain of the Lion, and the Commodore of the Company's ships, should not be permitted to sit in his presence during the trial. This was not acceded to, and threats were uttered on the part of the British. The Mandarin was equally obstinate, and the business assumed a serious aspect. As the Mandarin could not come himself, or send one of high order, he sent one who was willing that the British should sit at their ease in good elbow chairs. Thus arranged, about the 6th inst. the trial commenced, and of 52 sailors, eleven were selected as the guilty persons, who were again laid over for further proof. On the 9th, the eleven were again brought up for trial, and two were selected as the guilty persons, who were again laid over for further investigation. On the 11th, the two were again brought forward, one of them adjudged guilty, and ordered to be kept in possession of the Company until the pleasure of the Emperor be known. The British ships are now loading, and will sail in about a fortnight. What fate awaits the sailor retained is uncertain; but it is probable that the Mandarins would rather touch a few of the security merchants' dollars, and keep the affair from the Emperor, than retaliate the outrage against their countrymen. In this case, not less than 100,000 dollars will be necessary to patch up the affair.

Anecdotes of the Court of Portugal.

The Queen of Portugal has in her possession the largest diamond in the known world, which was sent in the year 1746 from the Brazils to the Court of Portugal: it weighs 1680 carats, and is valued by the Portuguese lapidaries at the most wonderful sum of 200,000,000*l.* sterling. The French lapidaries, who have very great skill in diamonds, as well as great practice in cutting them out of their rough state, value it at 300,000,000 millions of French livres. The English and Dutch lapidaries value it at 56,787,500*l.* sterling. The following statement of their respective weights, will

shew clearly that all other diamonds at present known are very small, when compared to this:

Carats in weights.

106. A diamond in the possession of the Emperor of Russia.
136. A diamond, called Pitt's diamond, in possession of Bonaparte.
139. A diamond in possession of the Grand Duke of Wurzberg.
279. A diamond in the possession of the Great Mogul.
493. A diamond in the possession of the King of Persia.
1680. A diamond in the possession of the Queen of Portugal.

The Brazil diamonds are neither so hard nor so clear as the diamonds which are brought from Soulempour and other places in the East Indies, nor do they sparkle so much: but they are whiter, and are sold 10 per cent. cheaper, supposing the weights of both sorts to be equal.

The present Prince Regent of Portugal has in his possession a large star and cross, which he wears on gala days, formed of a great number of large diamonds of the very first water, set in gold. The centre diamond in the star is alone worth 300,000*l.* English; the star and cross are valued at 4,000,000*l.* sterling.

The diamond mines and the gold mines in the Brazils are of great extent; they were first discovered and opened in the year 1681; since which time they have yielded annually upwards of five millions sterling in value, of which one-fifth share belongs to the Court of Portugal. The extraction of gold in the Brazils is neither very laborious nor dangerous; it is sometimes found on the surface of the soil, and this is the purest gold; and at other times it is necessary to dig for it 18 or 20 feet deep, but seldom lower. Gold is found in larger pieces upon the mountains and barren rocks, than in the vallies, or on the borders of the rivers. The annual revenue of the crown of Portugal collected in the Brazils, amounts to upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling. Diamonds to the amount of 600,000*l.* arrive annually at Lisbon from the Brazils, which are sold in the rough state to the lapidaries in France, England, and Holland; chiefly to the former.

LONDON FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

The King.—The public will be happy to hear, that his Majesty never enjoyed a better state of health than he does at present. He takes moderate exercise, and during the late inclement weather, daily walked through the extensive range of the castle. His Majesty found himself a little annoyed, lately, on walking out of a private door, by a strange man having found his way there; however, on investigation who the man was, it was discovered that he had not found his way there from any improper motive, but probably from idle curiosity. The consequence has been, that the gentlemen porters belonging to St. James's Palace and the Queen's Palace have been ordered to attend at the private door, where his Majesty met the man, and at the grand entrance, in rotation, to exchange duty every month: they are kept upon very close duty, from the time of his Majesty rises, at seven o'clock, till eleven at night, when his Majesty retires to rest; the regulation was adopted with so much haste, that there has not been any convenience and accommodation yet provided for the porters. His Majesty spends his winter evenings in general, listening to a concert, performed by the Queen's band, of Handel's music, or plays at chess with General Fitzroy, one of his Majesty's equeries.

Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Phœnix Park, Dublin, on Wednesday evening, the 29th December, was the most splendid thing of the kind ever witnessed in Ireland. The company assembled at 10 o'clock, and the ball commenced at 11. His Grace led off the first dance with Lady Edward Somerset, and was followed by about 18 couple. The entrance hall, opened for the first time on this occasion, was most brilliantly illuminated with nearly a thousand coloured lamps. Her Grace, attended by Sir Charles Vernon, received the company in the card-room, which was laid out with six card-tables. The ball-room was fitted up in a peculiarly beautiful style—the dancers were railed in, and eight arches thrown over, decorated with evergreens, and festooned with natural and artificial flowers. The floor was ornamented with elegant devices in chalk, representing in the centre his Majesty's arms, at one end the Harp, with this Motto, "*Prosperity to Ireland*," and at the

other, the Arms of Richmond, with sprigs of the Shamrock interspersed.

The third room was laid out for refreshments, and his Grace's gold plate had a magnificent effect.

At half past one the Supper Rooms were thrown open, where every luxury in profusion was displayed with superior taste, and the grandeur and elegance of the plate, and uncommon brilliancy of the lights, and of the whole scene, attracted universal admiration.

After supper, his Majesty's health being drank, the fine band of the Tipperary Regiment playing "God save the King," the company retired to the Ball Room, where the dancing recommenced, and was kept up till five in the morning.

Mr. Coutts's improvement in Piccadilly and Stratton-street, are rapidly advancing towards completion. The addition to the additional wing on the north side is finished, as far as relates to the brick-work. This extensive range of building, the object of which has excited so much curiosity, in consequence of a very absurd report relative to a certain actress, who, it has been industriously reported, was to take up her residence in one of the wings of the new house. The fact is, that Mr. Coutts is making all these magnificent improvements for the express purpose of accommodating the whole of his extensive family in one connected dwelling-house, but with separate establishments. The Marchioness of Bute will have the new house; the Countess of Guildford the one adjoining; Mr. Coutts the centre. Sir Francis Burdett and his Lady will, of course, reside in Piccadilly. Thus, together, the whole forming one continued chain of communication. The style of interior decoration, which has not yet been determined upon, will be costly and elegant; but at the same time blending comfort with splendour. Every window, including the attics, is to be in the French style, that is, from the garret to the kitchen, every pane is to be composed of the most beautiful plate-glass, and each pane is to cost two guineas.

Smithfield Club Cattle-shew.—Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, a meeting of this useful body of agriculturists and breeders took place at Freemason's Tavern.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford in the Chair.

It was resolved, that three judges only be in future elected for determining on the premiums, instead of five; and that the description of persons to be chosen (whether breeders, graziers, or butchers) be left to the decision of the meeting for appointing them.

The Report of the Committee for settling the forms of certificates to be sent with future cattle to be shewn, was received and approved, and ordered to be printed on the back of the bills, for the information of candidates.

Five eminent graziers were nominated, out of which the judges are to be chosen, on the 1st of March next.

Five new members of the Club were elected, viz. Benjamin Hobhouse, Esq. Robert Kirk, John Hutton, Henry Hoyte, and Wm. Lester.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

Oxford, Dec. 19.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes, for the year ensuing, viz.

For Latin verses—*Delphi.*

For an English Essay—*Hereditary rank.*

The Vice-Chancellor has received a donation of twenty pounds to be given to the author of the best composition in English Verse on the following subject, viz.—*Mahomet.*

The first and last of the above subjects are intended for those Gentlemen of the University who have not exceeded four years from the time of their matriculation; and the other for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

The Exercises are to be sent under a sealed cover to the Registrar of the University, on or before the ninth day of May, 1808. None will be received after that day. The author is required to conceal his name, and to distinguish his composition by what motto he pleases; sending at the same time his name sealed up under another cover, with the same motto inscribed upon it. The Exercises to which the Prizes are to be adjudged are to be repeated (after a previous rehearsal) in the Theatre, upon the Commemoration Day, immediately after the Public Orator's Creweian Oration.

On Wednesday, the 25th of November, Mr. Davy announced to the Royal Society his great

discovery in chemistry. The fixed alkalies have been decomposed by the Galvanic Battery, and are found to be metallic oxides. The metals have been actually produced. Their characteristics are: a most powerful attraction for oxygen, and a specific gravity less than that of water. The specific gravity of the metalline base of potass, is 7; that of soda 9. When plunged into water, an explosion ensues; owing to the seizure of oxygen, and the inflammation of disengaged hydrogen, and of the metal.—They are both fusible under 100°, of Fahrenheit, and amalgamate and form hard metals, like silver, with mercury. The only way to preserve them, is to immerse them in naptha.

Lusus Naturæ.—Singular as the following may appear, it is an absolute fact;—Ralph Mellor, a weaver, at Keverlow, near Oldham, some years ago had his head covered with fine locks of dark auburn hair. In the course of a few months, it changed to a colour almost as white as snow; in which condition he had a most venerable look. Since that time it has undergone as sudden a change to its primitive colour, and his hair is now a fine dark brown again. He says it was not the same hairs that thus changed from one colour to the other, but that the first hairs all shed off and were succeeded by white ones; and those again falling off, were followed by the brown.

Anecdote of the Ancient House of Plas Coch, in the Island of Anglesea.

Hugh Hughes, of this house, was Queen Elizabeth's Attorney in North Wales, a Lawyer, and reputed a great oppressor; therefore, upon his Building of *Plas Coch*, a certain poet made this Englyn:—

Pâlsua, Parlyrau, pur loywon-dyrau
A difrad fendithion;
Os gwyr wyd a is y g wirion
A sai tai yn y sut hon?

The Poet was sued in the Star Chamber by the said Hugh Hughes, for a libel, but saved himself by the dubitative conjunction *Os.*—For the satisfaction of the English reader, subjoined is a translation of the above lines, by the late Reverend Evan Evans, of Cardiganshire, generally known by the name of *Prydydd hir*; but it will be for the Welsh Critic to decide how well he has preserved the epigrammatic spirit of the original:—

Ye stately palaces and princely towers,
And all the wealth that luxury devours,
If by the poor man's sweat and wrongs you rise)
Can you last long, and Heaven not hear his cries?

BIRTHS.

On the 18th ult. at Stagbury, in Surrey, the Right Hon. Lady Margaret Walpole, of a daughter.

A poor woman named Rosington, in the parish of Hykeham, near Lincoln, was lately delivered of three fine children, viz. two boys and a girl. She has had five children within a little more than a year, all of which are alive.

MARRIAGES.

Saturday, Dec. 12, by special licence, at his Lordship's house, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Right Hon. the Earl of Craven, to Miss Louisa Brunton, late of Covent Garden Theatre, daughter of John Brunton, Esq. of Kennington, late Manager of the Norwich Theatre.

By special licence, at Westport-house, the seat of the Marquis of Sligo, George Moore, Esq. of Moorehall, county of Mayo, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Hon. J. Browne, of Elm Hall, in the same county.

At Inveresk, the Earl of Selkirk, to Miss Wedderburn, only daughter of James Wedderburn Colville, Esq.

DEATHS.

Lately, at his house at Retford, near Lisclon, in the 90th year of his age, Doctor Francis Willis, so justly celebrated for his success in curing insanity; and highly esteemed as a man always ready to alleviate the minor necessities of his fellow-creatures. At the time of his death a great number of afflicted persons of family and respectability, were under his care at Greatford and Shillingthorpe, where the Doctor had the largest establishment of the kind in the kingdom. He was of Brazenose College, Oxford, M. A. 1740, B. and D. M. 1759.

Lately, at Vienna, Mr. Von Mack, brother to General Mack, leaving a fortune of 3,000,000 florins. He was jeweller to the Court.

At his seat at Stapleford, in Leicestershire, the Right Hon. Philip Sherard, Earl and Baron of Harborough, and Baron Leitrim in Ireland. His Lordship was in his 41st year; he is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son Philip, who is about 12 years of age.

In Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, Vice-Admiral John Pakenham, of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, aged 64.

LE BEAU MONDE.

THE OPERA.

Sir,

THAT *Fashion* rules us all, is a position which I believe will not be controverted; though perhaps it does not govern *us* with such despotic sway, as in a neighbouring country. *There* "*C'est la mode*," is a reason for all actions, and an answer to all questions; there we must eat, drink, dance, sing, curl our hair *à la Titus*, or crop it *à la Guillotine*, *selon la mode*; nay, even our very *senses* must be under the same influence, and we must consent to be led *by the ear*, by the ever varying fashion of the day. It is an honour to the taste of the *British public*, that even when led by fashion through all the turnings and windings of the Chromatic chords through two octaves and a half—yet still they have an ear and a heart open to the simple strains of our own ancient melodies where

" In notes, with many a winding bout,
" Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
" With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
" The *melting voice*, through mazes running;
" *Untisteth* all the chains that tie,
" The hidden soul of harmony."

Yet, though I premise that we have a just taste for our own music, I mean not to give *it* any undue ascendancy over the scientific improvements of modern Italy, in which the human voice is made to perform miracles, and by its modulations to give taste and feeling even to those who are unable to execute. As you profess not only to *direct*, but also to *correct* any symptoms of false taste, which may obtrude themselves, on the polite world, a slight sketch of the fashions in *music* with a reference to the present day, may, perhaps, assist you in your task, and as a kind of *ad libitum* movement, give some additional harmony to the *Duet* which has been lately got up before the Great Director.

We have the authority of past ages as well as of modern observation to prove, that nothing has a greater command over the passions in general than music: it inspires the soul, and moulds the heart at will; it makes us gay or grave, brave or effeminate; melts the soul to love, or wafting it on pious wings to the mansions of the blest, there wraps it in Elysium: and this according to its variety and expression. The performer's skill, whether vocal or instrumental, inspires us with sentiments, which may be *artfully* thrown into our minds; and even affects our bodies by its thrilling notes and softly captivating sounds.

Notwithstanding the extreme scientific perfection of our modern music, we have reason to believe that the ancient music was of much greater extent, and of more general application.

Modern music teaches us only two distinct points; the one is the composition of musical pieces, the other is the execution of these compositions, either vocal or instrumental.

But according to the most authentic writings of the ancients, the science of music was much more extensive in its objects amongst the Greeks and Romans.

It appears that it included not only the rules of composition, by which ours is guided, but also many subjects entirely neglected in ours, either because we pay all our attention (strictly speaking) to the music alone, or perhaps because we have separated what they esteemed necessarily conjoined together, and therefore allow the person professing that part of it, no longer to bear the name of a *musician*. Though we may have arrived at greater precision of nomenclature, by this measure, yet I fear that we have rather deteriorated, than improved, the art.

In the compositions of the Greeks and Romans, *poetry* was an art, considered as subordinate to music, and therefore the melody of the former, with all its cadences, was regulated by the latter; but in our present day, I believe our music is composed *after* the words in general, and of course it must sometimes creep along like a child in leading-strings. Another, and principal component part of their *music* was *dancing*: and this is evident, because those who taught the steps, attitudes, and measure of the dance, were *then* called

musicians. In short, we may believe, that the ancient music taught not only the composition, but also the mode of *writing* the simple declamation, in notes, or marks analogous to them; a thing *now* totally unknown.—We are not in possession of many works on the ancient music; there is one, however, written in Greek, about the time of *Trajan*, by Aristides Quintilianus; in this work, we have an analysis of the opinions of the earlier authors, who seem to have united, in one important point, defining music, as "an art which teaches a decency, or grace, "in the voice, as well as in the motions of the "body."

Their science of music; or, more properly speaking, the *speculative* part of it was called *harmony*, and contained the general principles of concords. This was that part which taught them composition, and when applied in the abstract, had *sometimes*, amongst the ancients, as it has *always* with us, the specific name of *music*, and was divided into three kinds: the *diatonic*, the *chromatic*, and the *enharmonic*. The distinction between these three, principally was, that one admitted some particular tones, and modulations of these tones, which were rejected by the others.

In the *diatonic*, it was necessary, that the modulation should not mark its progressions, by intervals less than major semi-tones.

The *chromatic*, in its modulations, was confined to the minor semi-tones; and in the *enharmonic*, the composer had a greater variety, as the progressions might even be made by quarters of tones.

Now though we have, in general, departed widely from the ancient mode, yet the opera, which is not of a very old date in this country, has, in some measure, restored the early manner, by its more particular adaptation, both of singing and dancing, to the business of the stage.

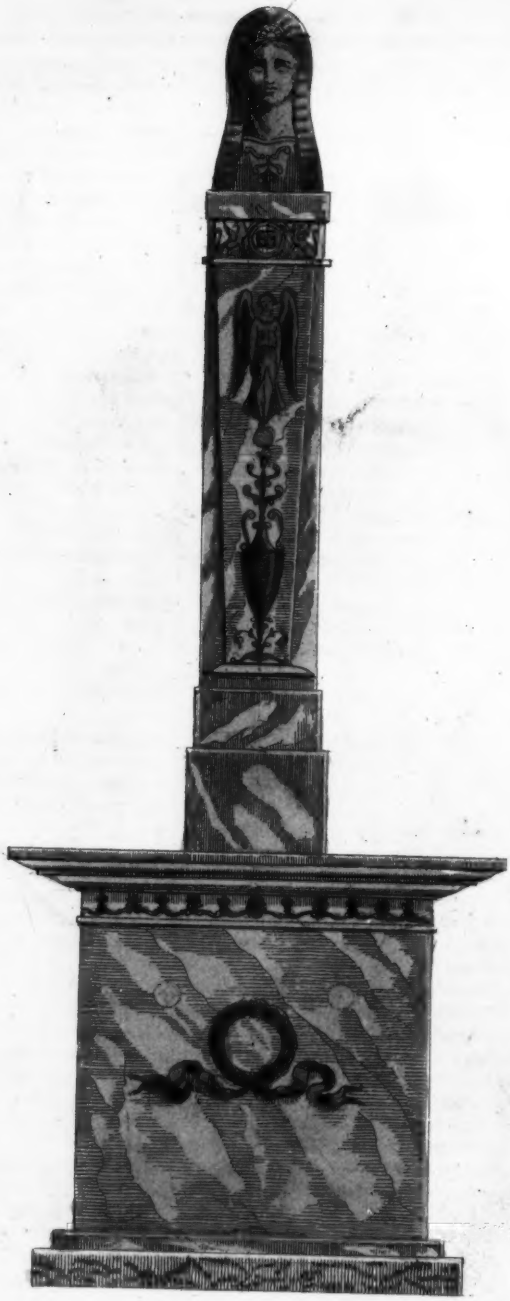
A complete opera, ought to be a regular musical drama, and may even arrive at the greatest excellence of poetry, as it may be made under proper regulations, the mode of inculcating all the virtues, as well as comedy; but then its *saltation*, or dancing, must be confined entirely to that species of action, which has been adopted in our melodrames. It is, perhaps, difficult to ascertain the true original of operas, and whether, the Italians have really inherited from their ancestors, or have borrowed from other nations their musical drama.

It has been supposed, by Dryden, that the Italians, observing the gallantries of the Spanish Moors at their *Zambras*, or royal feasts, (where music, songs, and dancing, were in perfection; together with their machinery and action, in running at the ring, and other amusements of chivalry), might have refined on those *Moresque* amusements, and produced this pleasing kind of drama, by leaving out the warlike part, and forming a poetical design to introduce, more naturally, the machinery, music, and dances. Now all this is very ingenious, but we may as readily suppose that the Italians, simply adhered to the customs of their own ancestors making such alterations, as time, and an acquaintance with the customs of other nations might lead to.

The first regular opera, which *this* country can boast of, was performed in the times of the usurpation, when hypocrisy stalked about in the form of religion, when anarchy was considered as good government, and enthusiam was substituted for wit.—Sir William Davenant's poetical taste and genius, being precluded from entertaining the town with the usual theatrical exhibitions; he, under the idea that an innocent *musical* performance would not be objected to, got up a piece, in two parts, called, *The Siege of Rhodes*, the model of which was rather taken from the French, than the Italian stage.

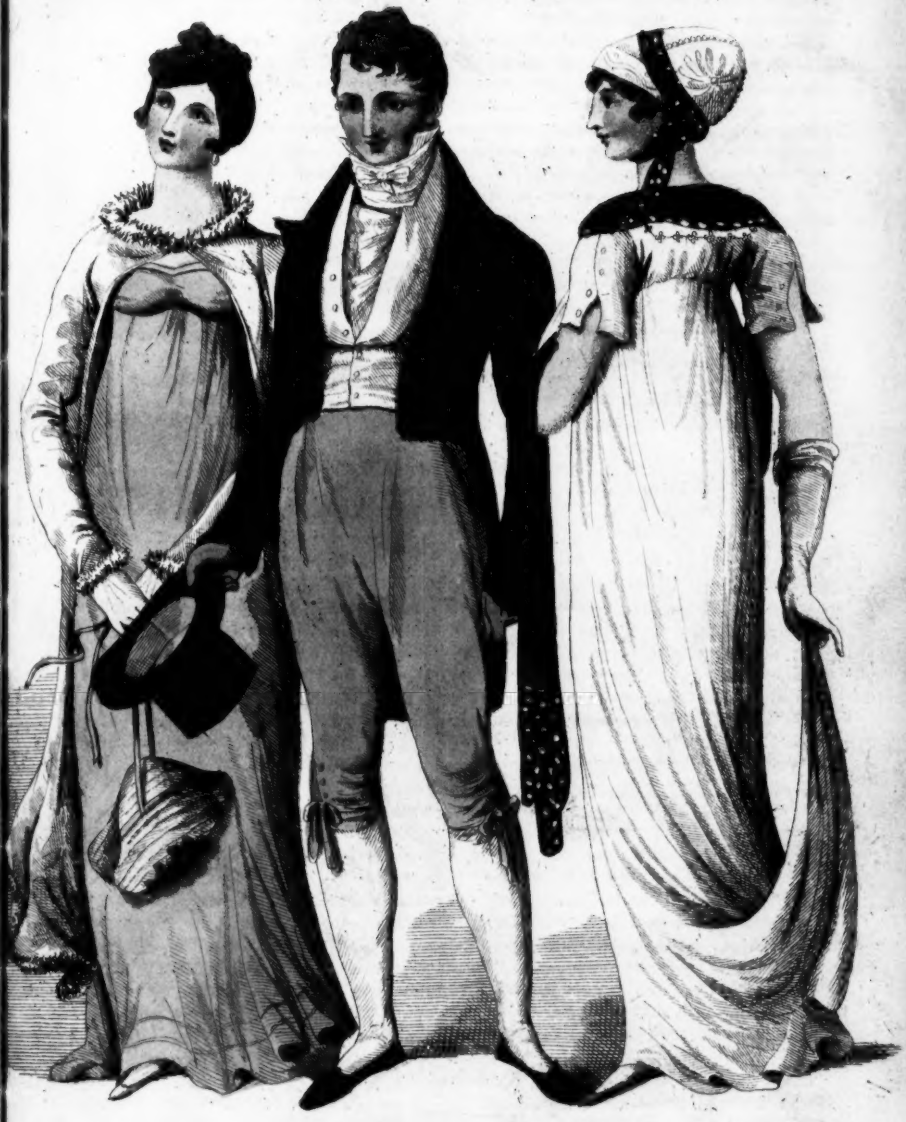
After the restoration, this mode of entertainment was much in vogue, and was called the Dramatic Opera, being indeed little more than common plays, intermixed with the song and dance, and much in the style of our modern English opera.

At the beginning of the last century, an amateur arrived from his travels in Italy, (Mr. Clayton), and introduced operas, after their manner: that is, English words, with Italian music, machinery, &c.—In these, after some time, one or two Italian singers were introduced; but this heterogeneous mixture of the two languages, produced nothing but disgust; and as our taste in music had become now much refined, it was at length resolved to have an opera entirely Italian. The common prejudice against foreigners, for some time prevented the completion of this design; however, *these* were, at length, got over, and our opera proceeded gradually to its present perfection. If *discord*, as some scientific writers on the subject assert, is necessary for *harmony*, the musical world may certainly expect wonders in the next season: however, I must confess I was rather chagrined at the *con strepito* movement in the overture of the late grand piece. Indeed, from the fondness of some of the performers for the *Da Capo*, we should, I am



A HALL STOVE.

Designed, engraved, and coloured expressly for Le Beau Monde
or Literary and Fashionable Magazine, January, 1808.



HALF FULL DRESSES.

Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary and Fashionable Magazine, January, 1808.

afraid, have been unable to set it out, had it not been for the *ad libitum* movements, so judiciously thrown in, and the *Adagio Finale*, recommended by the *grand composer*.

This *new director*, though he has no ear for music, has yet certainly a soul attuned to *harmony*, and he might, surely, have thought a crown not too much for the syren's appearance *before* the curtain, when others got coronets for theirs——

However, sir, to drop the metaphor, I must confess, that I have been highly pleased with the liberal manner in which this singer herself came forward and resigned that salary which seemed so much an object of contention. One learned brother observed, that the salary was equal to that of a lord chief justice, but he ought to have recollected, that the tenure of the two places is very different; the one being *durante vita*, the other only *durante bene placita!*—

It is to be hoped, that this liberal renunciation of her right will not be prejudicial to the fair singer, particularly as her generous offers to sing, for more than one charity, shew her desire to conciliate the good will of a British public. Opposition, in many cases, becomes useful, from its producing emulation; but, in the present case, it must surely be hurtful.—An Italian opera, *in England*, is a kind of phœnix: there can be but *one*: all attempts, therefore, to establish a second, must be productive of ruin to both. In this point of view I certainly deprecate *that plan*, said to be now in agitation, if it be really a serious one. The extensive circulation of your work will, I hope, call the attention of the fashionable world to this circumstance; and that they will recollect, that the Goddess of Discord never can overcome the Sons of Harmony, whilst they are united.

I am, sir,
Your's, &c.
ANTI MIDAS.

FASHIONS

FOR JANUARY, 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—A rich dress of pale pink net, over a white satin slip; the skirt of the dress is made open behind, in imitation of the train frock, with the body in one, trimmed round the bottom with two rows of pink velvet, to match with the colour of the dress; the front of the gown is made tight to the bosom, in a circular form, and fulled into a band of pink velvet; long loose sleeves down to the wrist, with stripes of velvet and net, entwined round the arm; a Florence opera coat of white satin, trimmed all round with a superb fur trimming, of a lemon colour, with the exception of the sides, which is bound with white ribbon velvet, the back is made square and low, setting loosely round the throat, so as to shew nearly the whole of the neck; the front of the coat is sloped off at each side of the bosom, leaving two points, which are fastened in the center of the neck with a cornelian broach. The sleeves are made entirely straight, with no fulness whatever on the top of the shoulder. A Florence hat of straw, with a low dome crown, broad across the top, with a large rim, turned bold up behind and before, trimmed with pale pink velvet, and a bunch of variegated flowers fastened in the center of the crown; gloves of lemon colour, and shoes of white satin.

Fig. No. 3.—A round train dress of white crape, over soft white satin; the back of the dress is made to draw square on the top and at the bottom of the waist, with a drawn *chemise* bosom, trimmed all round with a wreath of silver roses, lapelled sleeves, made short and straight over the shoulders, and worn open on the arms; it is made that it may be occasionally buttoned; a black velvet scarf, richly ornamented all round with white satin roses; and is also worked at each end about half a yard in height, placed carelessly over the shoulders; a cap *à la Pamela* of white satin, confined round the head with a black velvet handkerchief, ornamented with roses to correspond with the scarf; one corner is brought under the chin, tied with one bow, and long ends behind the left ear, so as to fall on the left shoulder. French kid gloves, and shoes of straw colour.

GENTLEMENS' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 2.—*EVENING DRESS* for Gentlemen consists of blue coats with large flat gilt buttons, and with or without black velvet col-

..., according to the taste of the wearer; the coats are made double-breasted, and with pocket flaps. White Marsailles quilting waistcoats, single-breasted; light drab coloured kerseymere breeches, and white silk stockings are the exclusive fashions of the times.

Morning Dress for Gentlemen.—Single-breasted coats with large white buttons, and collars of the same cloth, with pocket flaps; stripe toilinet waiscoats, and kerseymere pantaloons, with Hussar boots; great coats are lined with silk; and no man of fashion appears in a great coat that has not that appendage. Scarlet kerseymere waistcoats are in general estimation, and are frequently ornamented with an edging of sable fur, which gives them an elegant appearance, and renders them appropriate to the season.

SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

Colonel Th—rnt—n.

COMMENCING the new year with a series of Characteristic Sketches, delineating the bold outlines of the Sporting World, whether in the field, the betting-room, or on the turf, we wish to declare, that it is our plan,

"Nought to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

where therefore, we cannot give decided praise, we would rather be silent, than by keen censure, add a fresh barb to the arrow of disappointment; or, by our severe strictures, gratify the malignant feelings of petty malice.—We will not therefore talk of fields which have been *lost* or *won*; nor will we plant a *Thorn* in any man's breast, by repeating all the changes to which a certain *Ville royal* has been subject.

The doublings and crossings of our present subject, have been so many and so various, that it is not in the bounds of a monthly octavo, to wind him through them all, particularly when we recollect that his *long shots*, on one excursion only, have filled up two quarto volumes. To this Gentleman the sporting world are certainly much indebted for the attention which he has paid to the breed of coursing dogs; and it is not likely the Wolds of Yorkshire will ever forget the excellence of his *Major* and *Czarina*; nor is the breed of these celebrated grey-hounds, yet lost to the amateurs, as we believe there are two of them, *Lydia* and *Czarina*, still in the possession of some gentleman in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

The Colonel has long had the felicity of giving the *ton* to the fashionable world in several ways, particularly in the eccentricity of his carriages, and sometimes of the *cattle* which he has had in them. The world has not forgot when a dashing amazon displayed her charioteering powers, in a vehicle not unlike a Thames wherry; but though this lady for a while carried the whip-hand, she has lately run out of the course. This enterprising fair one, by her exploits at York Races, fairly distanced all her fair competitors, and did honor to the Equestrian Professor who superintended her early education; for she not only *carried off* her four hogsheads of *Cote Rota*, but outjockied one of the best jockies on the Newmarket Turf. Her first victory, however, (in 1804) was attended by some circumstances, *strikingly* unpleasant to the Colonel, who was obliged to have recourse to his friends *John* and *Richard*, to enable him to preserve the *peace*, though some have said the *piece* was not worth preserving. The friends of both parties lamented that such an affray should take place, but the aggressor being held in bail for 1000*l.* with two sureties in 500*l.* each, all further disputes were stopped.

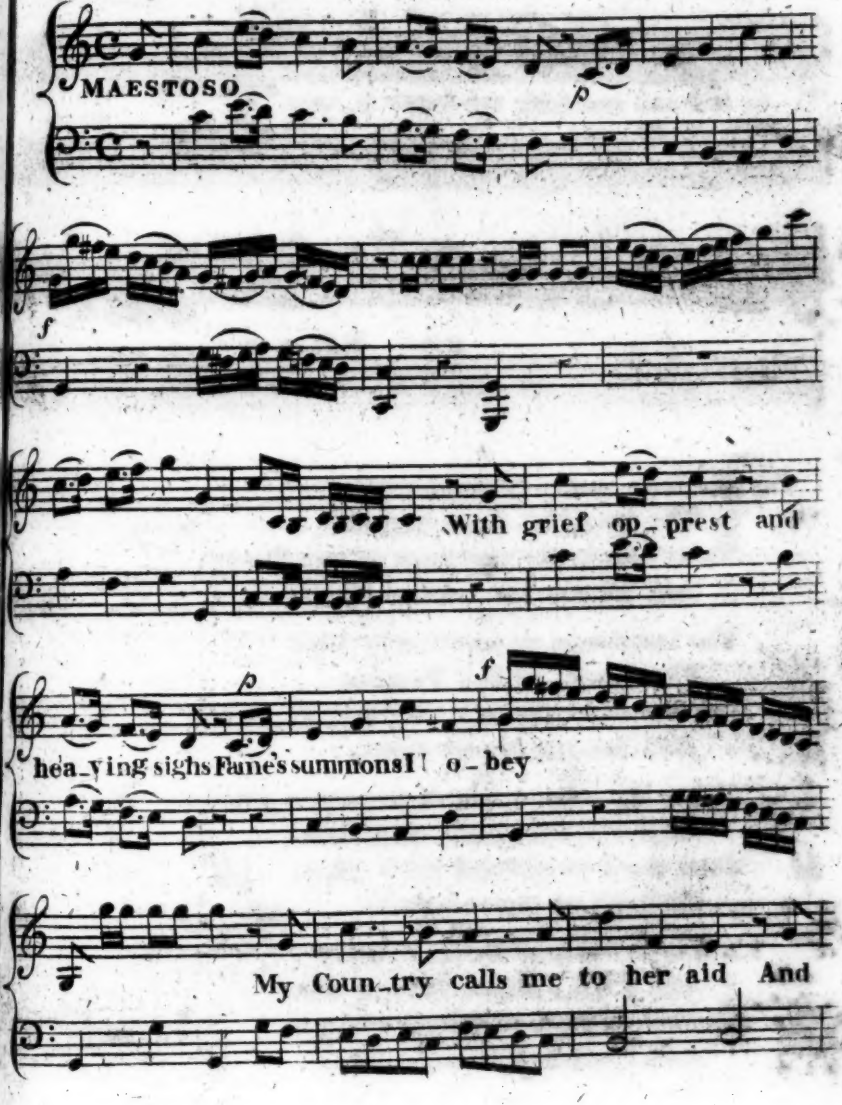
The Colonel soon appeared in a new character in a court of justice, when he offered himself for bail, as a householder, for a friend; but his bail was objected to by the counsel for the opposite side, who asked if he had not sold the *Boudoir*, for four pipes of claret. The Colonel objected to this cross-questioning, but observed, that fourteen pipes of claret were nearer its value; he however added, that from the tardiness he had found in the law, he would never consider an estate as sold, until he had received a consideration; and that whilst he held possession and paid taxes, he would always consider himself a housekeeper. He then added, with much good humour, "As "you, sir, appear to be a *bon vivant*, I can "assure you, that my claret is good, and that "you shall always have a *magnum bonum*, "when you honour me with a visit at the *Bou-*"*doir*.—The man of law thus foiled, descended to ask him, "How many times he had "been arrested."—"Just as many times" re-

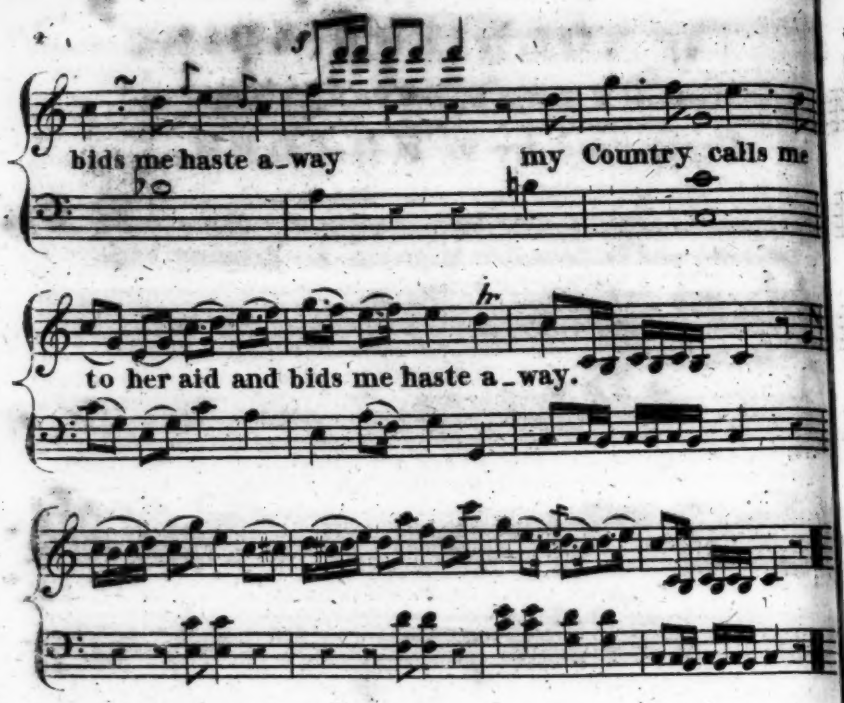
The SOLDIER'S ADIEU

or HENRY'S DEPARTURE

Composed by W: P: R: COPE.

Composed expressly and exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary and Fashionable Magazine for January 1808.





2

But how shall I to EMMA fair
The dreadful News impart
'Twill shock the passions of her Breast
And pierce her tender Heart.

3

The language of her lovely Lips
The music of her Tongue
Must now be chang'd for Cannons roar
And 'larums loudly rung.

4

Those Eyes from which to gain a glance
Might Misers leave their Gold
That Neck so polish'd Iv'ry white
Perhaps no more behold.

5

But O if Fortune shou'd be kind
And EMMA shield from harms
I'll then return on Wings of Love
And clasp her in my Arms.

plied the Colonel, "as I have met with ras-
"cals."

In a subsequent term, we find the Colonel brought into court as a dealer in horses, pictures, &c. and he was stated to have been quite the amateur, in fixing his prices to some *chefs d'œuvres* of the art, such as 1000 guineas for a Rubens, &c. This attack was, however, ably parried by a cool and judicious answer put into court, in which he claimed the indulgence of the court, in believing that he was not actuated by any motives, but what were strictly honorable; and his explanation together with his manly address, induced the court to refer the matter to the investigation of the Prothonotary.

Having thus seen the Colonel as a sportsman, and a lawyer, we are now to notice him in that of a traveller; but we have no doubt that his elaborate work, on the French Sports, has been seen by all our fashionable readers. We must confess indeed, in many places, that it seems rather an account of the Colonel's own sporting, than that of our imperial republican neighbours; we are, nevertheless, much pleased with that true *amor Patriæ*, which convinces him, that a true English dog, is superior to all the breed of France. Some have been disposed to laugh at the egotism and errors in this work, but we ought to recollect that it was given gratuitously for publication, to an old friend, who was much reduced in his circumstances, and was hereby enabled to relieve himself from some heavy embarrassments.

Like a true sportsman, he travelled with his dogs, which, however, he was soon induced to part with, as their superior powers made them much desired by the French sportsmen; indeed it is impossible to read some of his hunting descriptions in Normandy, without feeling a glow of patriotism, even at the superiority of our hounds. He there relates a ludicrous anecdote of *Moreau*, at a stag-hunt, when the Colonel being first in at the death, gave the whoop and hallo, which were not answered, but the hounds giving tongue, brought up the General, who very innocently asked if the Colonel *had hurt himself?* The English mode of proclaiming the death being explained to him, he blew his horn after the French manner, and brought in the company. At a subsequent wolf-hunt, his hounds gained immortal honour, as the huntsman told him they were fit to hunt the devil himself. To trace him through all his *Tours de la Chasse*, would be for us impossible; but though we can laugh at his eccentricities, it does not prevent us from feeling much pleasure in closing this short view to notice his union with a young lady of respectability and accomplishments, who, we hope, will be his companion in the chace through life, until he gets *earthed* at last.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

On Tuesday Dec. 15, Lord Derby turned out, at Potters-End-lane, near the Oaks, a remarkable fine deer, known by the name of the *Tunbridge Deer*, to a numerous and well-mounted field, which afforded them one of the most excellent runs his Lordship every experienced: he took across the Downs, over Box-hill, crossed the river Mole, and was taken after two hours, the horses at speed, without the smallest check, on the borders of Sussex, at least 26 miles from the place where he was turned out. Considering the vast speed, the heavy weights rode very forward. His Lordship was in.

York.—Mr. Fox's hounds had a remarkable run on Saturday, Dec. 19. Though the frost was hardly out of the ground, they met at Dog-Kennel Whin, which they drew without success, and thence proceeded to try Hatchet Spring and School-house Whin, without "a "single challenge;" but on putting the pack into Bell Wood, a fox immediately stole away, and facing the strong inclosures towards Thornes, turned to the left, passed over Rigton Hills nearly to Keswick Oxclose, and thence to the right by Collingham Town, over the open fields, to Clifford Moor, crossed the North Road, and Mr. Thompson's park at Weatherby Grange, where finding the pack close at his brush, he boldly dashed into the river Whin, and running through Horne Banks over Walton open fields, by the Whin, up to Walton Wood, thence by Mr. Stapleton's plantations to Bilton, by Healaugh Town, leaving Shire Oaks to the right, over those strong inclosures, and very deep and severe country, up to Bilbrough over the Moor, crossed the York Road at Street-houses, down to Bolton Percy, turned to the left to Hut Wood, into which cover Reynard was viewed not above a field before the pack; but here they unluckily changed, and going away with a fresh fox, were with difficulty stopped running breast high, in a direct line for the river below Sir Wm. Milner's, at Nun-Appleton.

At the latter end of October, Mr. Coke had a shooting party at Holkham, when they killed in three days, 1457 head of game, &c.; viz. 46 patridges, 150 pheasants, 631 hares, 596, rabbits, 29 woodcocks; and 5 others birds. The party consisted of Mr. Coke; the Marquiss of Tavistock; Lord's Albemarle, Spencer, Althorpe, Anson, and Bradford; Generals Walpole and Keppel; Sir John Shelley; Colonel Kellie; Messrs. Churchill, Collet, Wilbraham, W. Fitzroy, Smith, and W. Smith. —Mr. Coke proved the best shot, he having killed 60 the first day, 66 the second, and 71 the third. Sir J. Shelley was the next best shot; he did not shoot the first day, but on the second he killed 62, and the third 60 head.

A Pigeon Match for a Silver Cup, value 30 guineas, and 100 guineas in specie, took place on Saturday, Dec, 12, at Cranbrook, Surrey, in an enclosure belonging to Mr. Sebley, who entertained the sportsmen with a sumptuous dinner. The shooting match was between Messrs. Vanderstine and King, known good shots, and Messrs. Harvey and Collins, at 21 birds from a trap at 11 yards, and a boundary of 100 yards for the birds to falls in. Vanderstine had 11 shots, and brought five pigeons only to bag, four having got away from the boundary after having been hit. His coadjutor killed eight birds of the 10 left him, making in the whole 13 dead birds. The opposing party killed 13 birds also in the 21 shots, Harvey having killed 9 out of 11, and his assistant having killed 4 in ten shots, Messrs. King and Harvey shot off the ties by consent, and added 10 guineas to the original stake, when King winged his 6th bird, which got out of bounds and his adversary who had killed, won the match.

Dublin, Nov. 24.—Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the long pending race, which has so long excited such general interest amongst the sporting world, for 250 guineas a side, was run over the course on Friday last, by Mr. Fortescue's Mare, Rosa, and Captain Kilkelley's Grey Poney. After considerable exertions had been made to clear away the snow, which had drifted round the wall erected to form the leap, and to make a passage to it, the competitors started.—The Mare, which had the lead, when she came to the wall, baulked, as did also the Poney. On the second attempt, however, Buckle, who rode Rosa, forced her over though in the effort a considerable part of the wall was thrown down, by which both the Mare and the rider suffered a most severe fall. The Poney cleared the wall and gained considerably a head; after Buckle's being re-established in his seat, and having run some length, it was discovered that he had remounted the mare at some distance from the wall; he was therefore called back by Mr. Fortescue, and obliged to take a fair departure by putting his knee to the wall. After all these untoward accidents, the mare won the race by a few lengths.

Bets on Captain Barclay and Abraham Wood's Foot Race.—After the contradictory accounts, with the ill-founded assertion, that it had been determined, at a meeting at Tattersall's, that the bets on the foot race between Captain Barclay and Abraham Wood, on the 12th of October, *ought not to be paid*, we have it from all quarters, and on the best authority, that, as there was no collusion proved, the bets *ought to, and have been paid*, by all sporting men. There has been no decision of the Jockey Club, nor any opinions given by the Stewards on the subject; but Mr. Cook, surgeon, of Newmarket, who saw Wood in the evening previous to the day of the race, has stated, in two certificates, that Wood was under symptoms of fever, and complained of what he (Mr. Cook) supposed likewise to be symptoms of gravel, and which, though relieved by copious perspiration in the night, unfitted him for that degree of exertion necessary to the purpose of his race with Captain Barclay, the next day.

Boxing.—Gregson and Gulley are to have a further battle for 250 guineas aside. The following agreement is said to have been entered into:—Major Morgan, on the part of Gregson, and Mr. John Jackson, on the part of Gulley, agree to deposit 50gs. each, and a further deposit of 50gs. on the 1st of March, 1808, or forfeit the first 50gs. and on Monday following the Craven Meeting, the remainder of the stakes to be made good by the contracting parties, or the 100gs. to be also forfeited; and that the Honourable Berkeley Craven be requested to hold the stakes on the day of fighting. The following are the conditions of the battle:

1st. The battle to take place on the Tuesday following the first Spring Meeting, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock, A. M.

2d. To fight in a roped square of forty feet.

3d. Neither to fall without a knock down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires.

4th. Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, viz. two, and one on reference.

(Signed) C. Morgan.
London, Dec. 22, 1807. J. Jackson.